KID COLT

BLAZING ADVENTURES OF THE WILD WEST!!

KID COLT OUTLAW

JAN.
NO. 18

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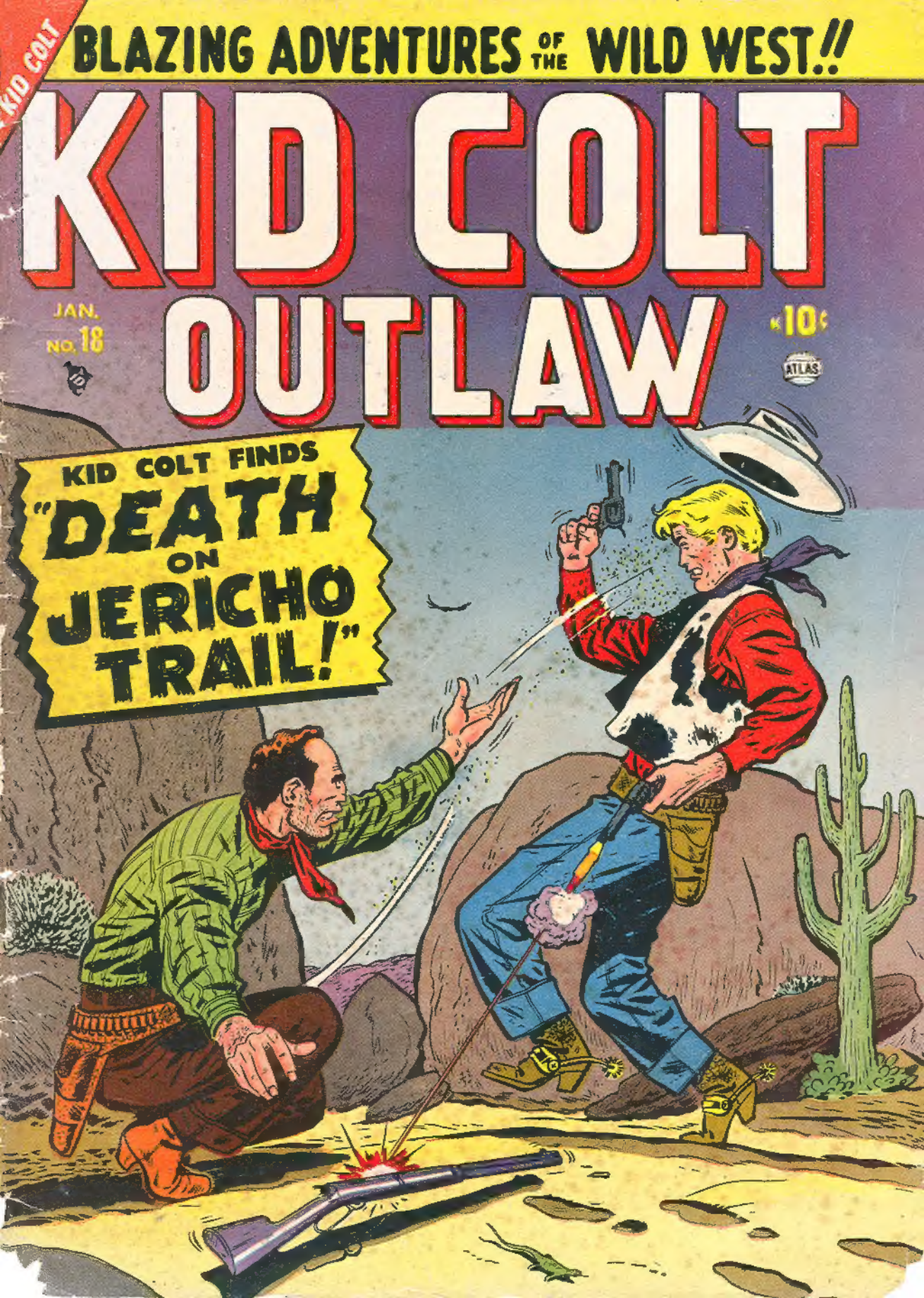
ATLAS

KID COLT FINDS "DEATH ON JERICHO TRAIL!"



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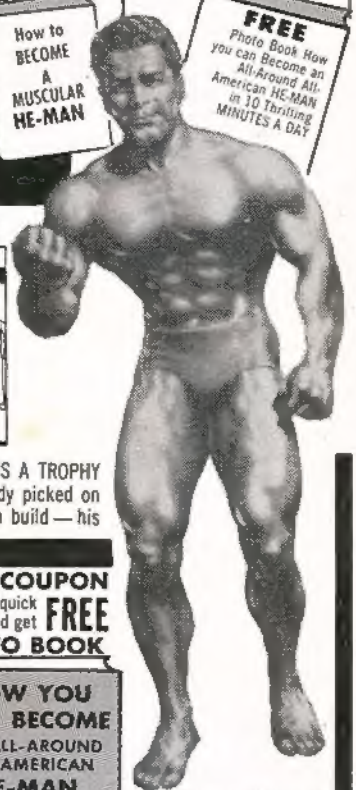

Let me make YOU A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE

WHAM
DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN
JOE WALLOPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION
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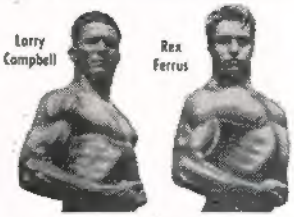
Which One Paid *Hundreds Of Dollars?*



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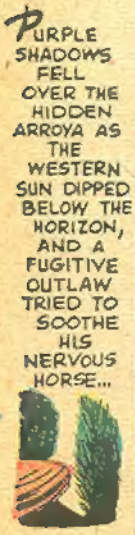
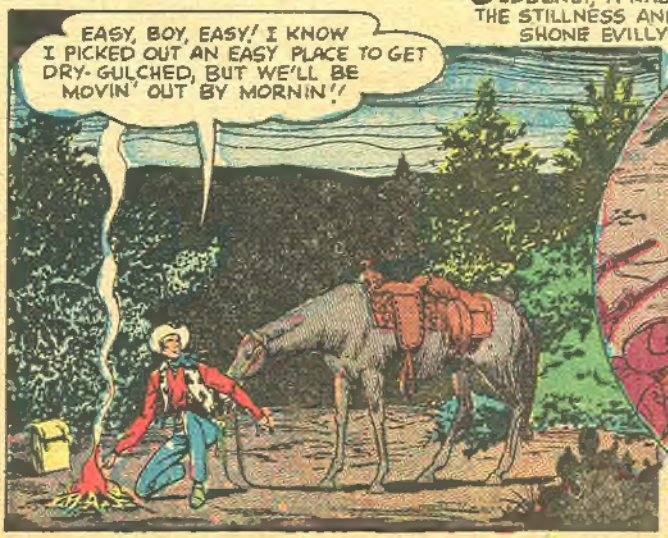
KID COLT

GUNSMOKE TRAIL!

PURPLE SHADOWS FELL OVER THE HIDDEN ARROYA AS THE WESTERN SUN DIPPED BELOW THE HORIZON, AND A FUGITIVE OUTLAW TRIED TO SOOTHE HIS NERVOUS HORSE...





SUDDENLY, A RASPING VOICE BROKE THE STILLNESS AND EIGHT WINCHESTERS, SHONE EVILLY IN THE DUSK...

THE OUTLAW'S HANDS TWITCHED NERVOUSLY FOR A MOMENT AND THEN RELAXED HOPELESSLY...
MOVE FAST, AMIGO! REACH FER THE STARS!
I'M FROZE, BUSHWHACKER! GIT ON DOWN HERE AN' LET ME SEE THE COYOTE FACES THAT GOT ME DAYLIGHTED!
I FIGGERED ONLY A RAMRODDING DOUBLE-CROSSER LIKE YOU WOULD PULL SOMETHING LIKE THIS, SHORES!
YEP! OLE DOC SHORES BEEN ON YORE TRAIL FER THREE DAYS, COLT! ME AN' MY BOYS NEED MONEY TO GIT OUT OF THIS TERRITORY, SO WE FIGGERED THE PRICE ON YORE HEAD WOULD PAY OUR WAY THROUGH!
HOW DO YOU FIGGER ON COLLECTIN', SHORES? THE SHERIFF DON'T USUALLY PAY A REWARD TO A BLOOD-SOAKED KILLER LIKE YOU!
IT'S ALL FIXED, COLT! THE LAW-MAN HINTED HE'D RATHER HAVE YORE HEAD THAN MINE, SO I AIM TO DELIVER IT TO HIM! AIN'T NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES, AS YOU KIN PLAINLY SEE!
TOSS HIM ON HIS HOSS AND TAKE HIS GUNS ALONG, CHIP! TRY TO REACH SULPHUR SPRINGS BEFORE IT GETS TOO DARK!
I SHORE DON'T KNOW WHY I ALLUS GIT PICKED FER THESE TWO-BIT JOBS! I HATE TO RUB ELBOWS WITH THE LAW, EVEN WHEN IT'S SAFE!
LISTEN, HOWELL! WHEN I GIVE AN ORDER IT'S GEN'RALLY OBEYED! GIT GOIN' AN' DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS WHEN YOU GIT THAT REWARD MONEY!
I'LL GO, BUT DON'T LET YORE STETSON FEVER THROW YOU, DOC! I CARRY YORE BRAND, BUT YOU DON'T OWN MY HIDE, YET!
SO LONG, COLT! I'LL SHED A TEAR FER YOU WHEN I READ ABOUT HOW YOU GOT HUNG, IN THE TUCSON GAZETTE!
IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU CAN'T READ, DOC! IN THE SECOND PLACE, I'LL MAKE A LITTLE BET YOU'LL SWING BEFORE I DO!
2

HALF AN HOUR LATER...
I RECKON THERE AIN'T NO LOWER LEVEL AN HOMBRE KIN REACH THAN WORKIN' FER A BLOOD-GUT LIKE DOC SHORES!
KEEP YORE LIP BUTTONED AN' RIDE, AMIGO! I FEEL JUS' ORNERY ENOUGH TO CRACK YORE SPINE WITH A .45 SLUG AN' QUIT SHORES' GANG!
FUNNY, YORE NAME BEIN' HOWELL! I ONCE KNEW A FINE, HONEST HOMBRE BY THAT NAME WHOSE WHOLE FAMILY WAS WIPED OUT BY DOC SHORES!
YEAH? THAT SOUNDS MIGHTY INTERESTIN', BUT I RECKON THERE'S LOTS OF HOWELLS IN THESE PARTS!
MEBBE SO YOU'RE RIGHT! THE PARTICULAR MAN'S NAME WAS CLEM HOWELL! HE HAD A NEAT LITTLE SPREAD OUT IN SAN JACINTO COUNTY UNTIL SHORES PUT THE TORCH TO IT!
LISTEN, MISTER! THERE'S A STAND OF COTTON-WOOD YONDER! LET'S REIN THERE AN' HEAR THE REST OF THIS STORY!
SPILL THE STORY, PARDNER! MY NAME'S CHIP HOWELL, AN' I THINK MEBBE I'VE GOT AN INTEREST IN YORE TALE!
IF YOU HAVE YOU BETTER TIGHTEN UP YORE BELT AND GRIT YORE TEETH, BECAUSE WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY AIN'T PRETTY!
WAL, ABOUT TWO YEARS BACK I WAS RIDIN' THE MESABI RANGE AN' FIGGERED I'D DROP IN ON THIS HERE CLEM HOWELL! HIM AN' ME HAD BEEN GOOD PALS FER YEARS! WHEN I GOT THERE THE RANCH WAS UP IN FLAMES AN' CLEM HOWELL WAS DYIN' WITH A DOZEN .45 SLUGS IN HIS BODY! HE TOLD ME THE STORY!
CLEM AN' SOME OF THE HANDS WAS OUTSIDE THE BIG CORRAL WHEN THEY SAW A PACK OF TOUGH HOMBRES RIDIN' TOWARDS 'EM...
3

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE TROUBLE BUSTED RIGHT OUT...

HOWDY, PARDNER! I'M JAKE CRANDALL, A U.S. MARSHAL! ME AN' MY MEN NEED FRESH HOSSES TO RIDE DOWN A GANG OF RUSTLERS WE'RE AFTER! CAN YOU FETCH UP FIVE CAYUSES FER US?

YOU'RE A GOL-DANGED LIAR, MISTER! YORE NAME'S DOC SHORES AN' IT'S MORE LIKELY THE U.S. MARSHAL IS AFTER ***YOU!*** I GOT NO HOSSES FER KILLERS, SO JINGLE YORE SPURS, AN' HIT A HARD TROT!

CLEM HOWELL DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! WITHOUT A WARNIN' SIGN, SHORES AN HIS RAMRODS DREW HARDWARE AN' STARTED SHOOTIN'...

BEEF THE LOT OF 'EM, BOYS!

CLEMS BOYS WERE DEAD BEFORE THEY HIT THE DIRT, BUT OLD CLEM FOUGHT BACK FROM THE VERY GRAVE...

Y-YOU'LL GET THEM HOSSES OVER M-MY D-DEAD BODY!

HE KEPT A FIRIN' UNTIL ONLY SHORES AN' ANOTHER KILLER WERE LEFT ALIVE! SUDDENLY, SHORES SPURRED HIS HOSS AND...

I'LL GRIND YOU INTO THE DUST!

EEEAAAAHH!

WAL, WE CAME FER FIVE, BUT WE'LL TAKE TWO! DIE SLOW AN' PAINFUL, MISTER! HAW, HAW, HAW!

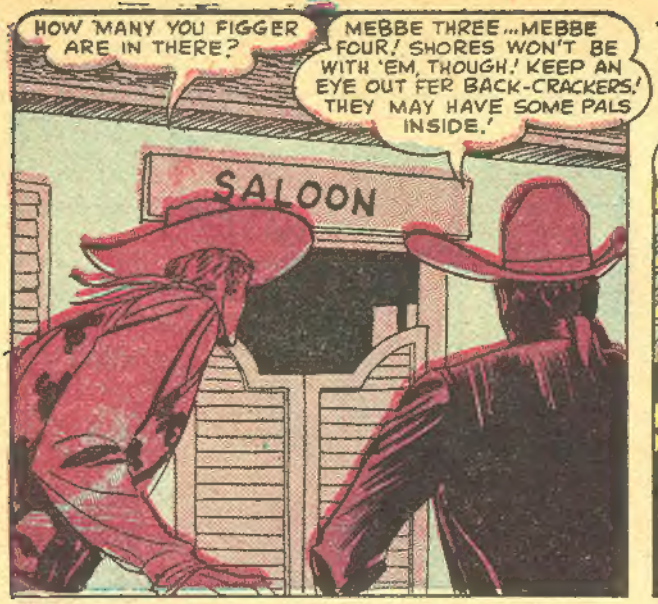
LISTEN, SH-SHORES! I G-GOT A SON R-ROAMIN' THE PLAINS SOMEWHERE! S-SOMEHOW HE'S GOIN' TO F-FIND... OUT... ABOUT THIS! HE'S LIGHTNING ON THE TRIGGERS AN' IF THERE'S J-JUSTICE IN THIS WORLD, HE'LL GET YOU!

THEY WERE GONE WHEN I REACHED THE SPREAD, BUT OLD CLEM STILL HAD A SPARK OF LIFE IN HIM...

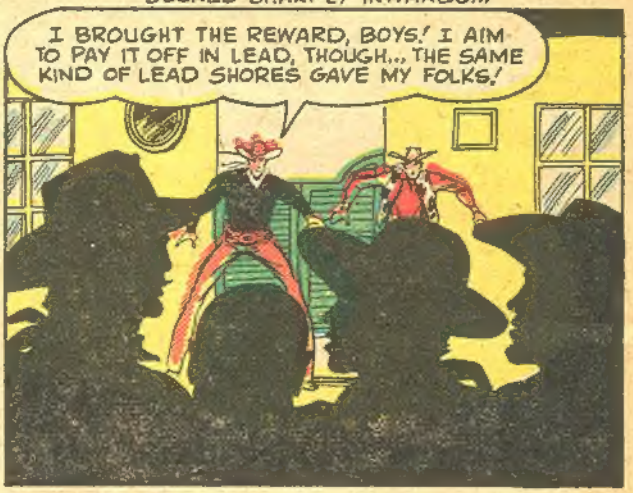
TALK UP, CLEM! WHO DID IT?

D-DOC SHORES! H-HE W-WIPED OUT M-MY FAMILY BEFORE H-HE LEFT... KILLED M-MY WIFE AN' YOUNGEST! L-LISTEN, KID! TH-THIS AIN'T YORE AFFAIR... BUT G-GET T-TO MY BOY AN' TELL HIM!

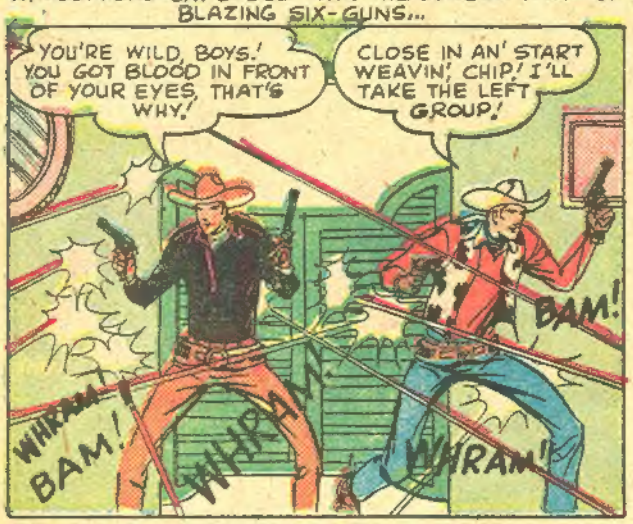
WAL, HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD TELL ME HIS SON'S NAME! HE WAS A RAMBLER, THAT BOY WAS! I NEVER DID MANAGE TO HIT HIS TRAIL!
YOU HIT IT, NOW, COLT! I RECKON THE WORLD AIN'T AS BIG AS IT SEEMS! MY NAME'S CHIP HOWELL, AN' CLEM HOWELL WAS MY DAD!
I R-RECKON I'M ALL B-BUSTED LOOSE INSIDE! OHHH, MY GUT PLUMB ACHES AN' MY HEART IS HEAVY! I WASN'T EVER ANY GOOD TO THE FOLKS OR MYSELF! I GOT PLENTY OF BLOOD ON MY HANDS, COLT...AS MUCH AS SHORES HAS!
I HEARD ABOUT MY FOLKS BUT I NEVER COULD FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! DOC SHORES MUST'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG, EVEN BEFORE I JOINED UP WITH HIM! HE'S A HUMAN DEVIL, DOC IS... BUT I RECKON I'M WORSE!
WAL, LETS RIDE! YOU GOT A REWARD TO COLLECT AN' I'VE GOT TO GET MY NECK STRETCHED!
TAKIN' THAT REWARD WOULD BE LIKE KILLIN' MY FATHER ALL OVER AGAIN WITH MY OWN HANDS! I GOT A MESS OF SCORES TO EVEN UP, SO YOU CAN RIDE YOUR OWN WAY, KID!
IF YOU'RE TALKIN' STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER, THEN I'LL TAG ALONG WITH YOU!
WHERE TO, CHIP?
WE GOT TWO PLACES TO HIT! THE GANG WAS SUPPOSED TO BREAK UP AN' WAIT FER THEIR SHARE OF THE REWARD MONEY! LAVORCA AND COCHISE! LET'S HIT LAVORCA FIRST!
AT DAWN THE FOLLOWING MORNING TWO GRIM MEN LOPED INTO THE DUSTY BORDER-TOWN OF LAVORCA...
THEY'LL BE WAITIN' IN THE SALOON YONDER! LOOSEN UP YORE HOLSTERS!
MY HOLSTERS AIN'T NEVER SNUG! HOW DO WE TAKE 'EM... HEAD ON, OR SPLIT UP?
HEAD ON! I WANT TO SEE THEIR COYOTE FACES WHEN THE LEAD HITS 'EM! THEY ALL KNEW... EVERY ONE OF 'EM! THEY ALL KNEW DOC KILLED MY FOLKS!


HOW MANY YOU FIGGER ARE IN THERE?
MEBBE THREE...MEBBE FOUR! SHORES WON'T BE WITH 'EM, THOUGH! KEEP AN EYE OUT FER BACK-CRACKERS! THEY MAY HAVE SOME PALS INSIDE.
SALOON

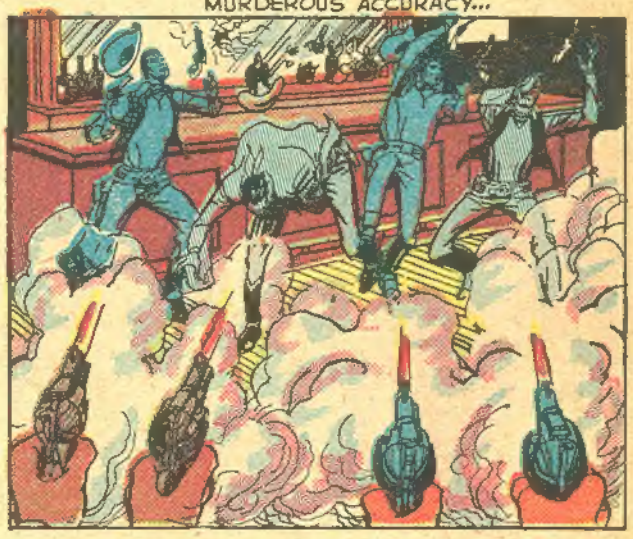
A DEADLY SILENCE FELL LIKE A PALL OVER THE ROOM AS THE TWO MEN LOOMED IN THE DOORWAY! SOMEWHERE A GLASS TINKLED TO THE FLOOR WITH A DELICATE JANGLE... ELSEWHERE A MAN'S BREATH SUCKED SHARPLY INWARDS...



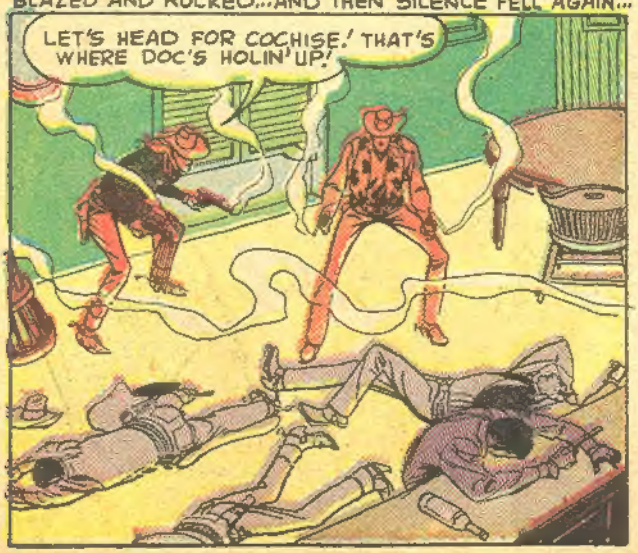
THE KILLERS NEEDED NO PROMPTING! CHIP HOWELL'S FACE TOLD THEM HE KNEW ALL OF THE PAST! THE TENSE ATMOSPHERE EXPLODED WITH THE SUDDEN ROAR OF BLAZING SIX-GUNS...

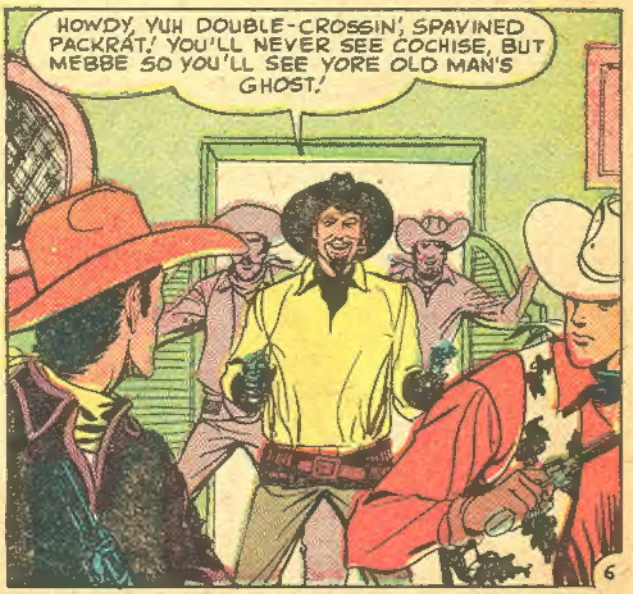

YOU'RE WILD, BOYS! YOU GOT BLOOD IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES, THAT'S WHY!
CLOSE IN AN' START WEAVIN', CHIP! I'LL TAKE THE LEFT GROUP!
BAM!
WHRAM!
BAM!
WHRAM!

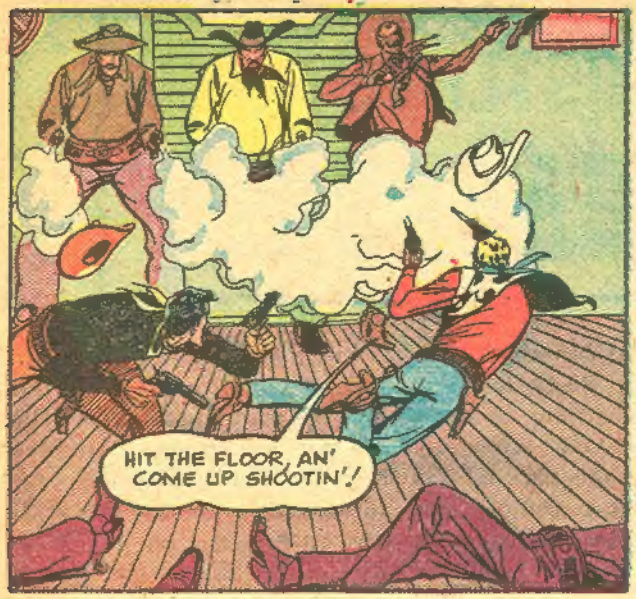
AND SUDDENLY, LIKE THE WHIP OF A BLACKSNAKE'S HEAD, FOUR COLTS ROARED INTO ACTION WITH MURDEROUS ACCURACY...



FOR THREE SECONDS MORE THE GREAT COLTS BLAZED AND ROCKED...AND THEN SILENCE FELL AGAIN...







FROM PRONE POSITIONS ON THE FLOOR, LIKE TWO SPITTING RATTLERS, THE FOUR GREAT .45'S SPAT OUT FORKED TONGUES OF DEATH...

OKAY, MISTER! I'M FINISHED, BUT YOU STILL GOT A LIFE TO LIVE! GET OUT THE BACK OR I'LL BLAST YOU IN HALF! MOVE, DANG YORE HIDE!
I KNOW THE HOWELLS TOO WELL TO KNOW YOU AIN'T BLUFFIN'!

THE OUTLAW LUNGED THROUGH A BACK WINDOW, TENSING INWARDLY AS HE HEARD THE BLAST OF SHOTGUN THUNDER BEHIND HIM...

AND LATER THAT EVENING...

THE WHISTLING BUSHWHACKER

RUSTY BARTON kept his black reined in just a bit behind Fred Ashton's palomino. It wasn't that he didn't trust his partner, but being an easterner by birth, he'd heard many tales of western cowpokes. And not all of them were good. The gold they'd taken out of the ground together in the Sierra Madres was split between them.

"How much further we got to go before we hit civilization?" asked Rusty.

"Not much," shouted Ashton above the whistling wind. "We'll be there soon."

They rode on in silence. Rusty kept his eyes glued to the back of Fred's shirt. For some reason, the closer they got to home, the more suspicious Rusty became. After all, what did he know about this cowpoke who had talked himself into a partnership with him. He spoke little about himself; he knew the trails to the goldfields, like a veteran; and he handled the two pearl-handled six-shooters at his belt, like a gun-fighter. Rusty, became more and more unsure of himself, and more and more upset. Up ahead, Fred was riding tall in the saddle, whistling a Mexican *cantata*.

It's like he's got nothing on his mind, thought Rusty. Or maybe he has got something on his mind — my gold — and he thinks he's going to get it.

As he rode along, brooding, there was something in the back of his mind — something about the melody that Fred was whistling — that bothered Rusty. He had heard it somewhere before, and it was connected with something that Rusty felt was important. Something about a bushwhacker. And whistling. Somewhere in the back of his mind there was a memory that held an important message — a message that might mean his life.

Bushwhacker. *The Whistling Bushwhacker!* That was it! He remembered very clearly now, the first night he had visited Mexico City. A native had taken him down a dark street, and stood with him outside a house where someone was whistling a tune. That, the native had told him, was The Whistling Bushwhacker, the man who whistled as he rode through the night on his errands of death and robbery. The tune that the man had been whistling was the very same Spanish tune that Fred was whistling.

Rusty shuddered, and thought aloud, "The Whistling Bushwhacker! *You're the whistling bushwhacker!*"

"What was that you said?"

Fred had reined his horse around, and almost in the same motion his gun was out of his holster. Rusty stared down the muzzle of the forty-five — half dazed — and repeated the accusation.

He thought he saw the finger on the trigger twitch.

"You better watch who you're callin' names, Rusty. That's dangerous." Fred holstered his gun, and said: "We got a long way to go yet, through some pretty dangerous territory, so let's get movin'."

Rusty swallowed hard. There was no doubt in his mind now that the man whom he had chosen for a partner, to uncover the lost gold vein prospected forty years ago by his uncle, was no one else but the Whistling Bushwhacker. He knew also, that before they reached civilization, Fred was going to shoot him and take his share of the gold. A thought flashed through his mind. He was not much with a gun — certainly no match for the infamous bandit — but the fact that he was riding behind him might offer some possibilities for an inferior gunman to get the drop on the outlaw.

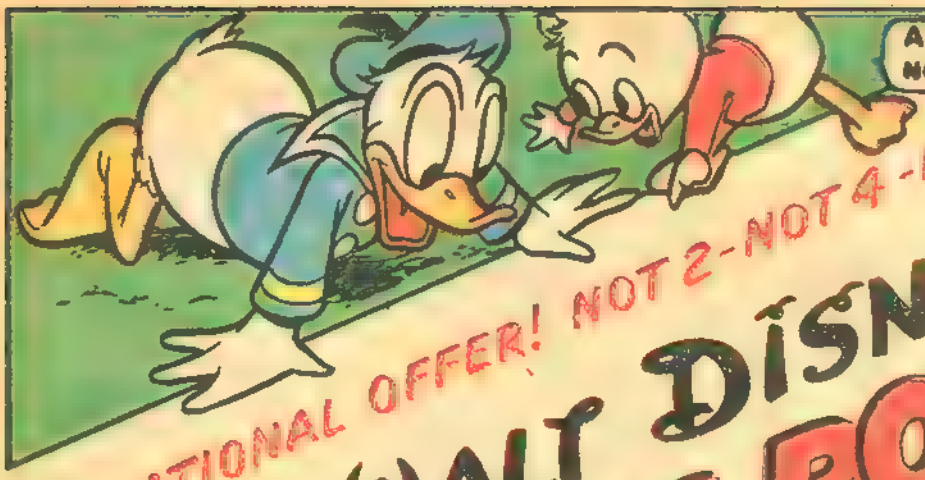
As if Fred had been reading Rusty's mind, he said: "I think you're kinda laggin' too far behind, Rusty. Mebbe it would be better if I brought up the rear." Rusty noticed that Fred's hand was close to his gun.

"Yeah, sure. Anything you say, Fred."

Rusty kicked his mount to move up ahead. He sat hunched in the saddle — as if to make a smaller target for Fred to hit when the man decided to shoot him in the back — there was no doubt in his mind that the notorious bandit had decided to shoot him in the back. Why else would he have changed places?

Rusty remembered some of the stories that the old *peon* had told him, of how the bushwhacker had once robbed a man of all his gold and then held him for ransom. When the money was not forthcoming, the bush-

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY...



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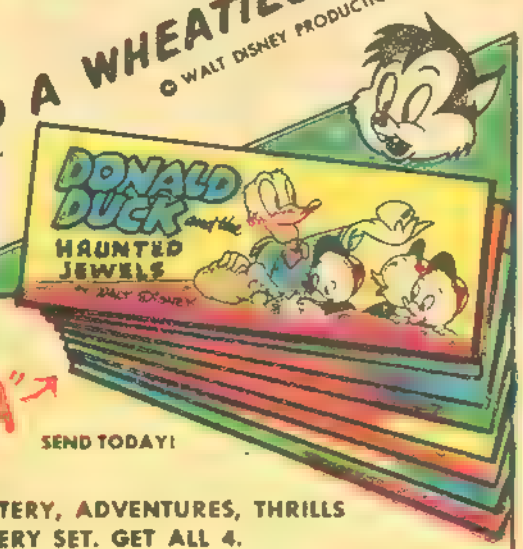

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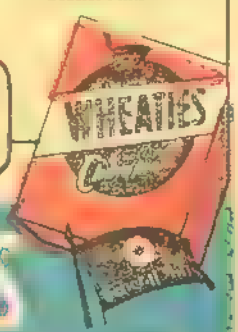
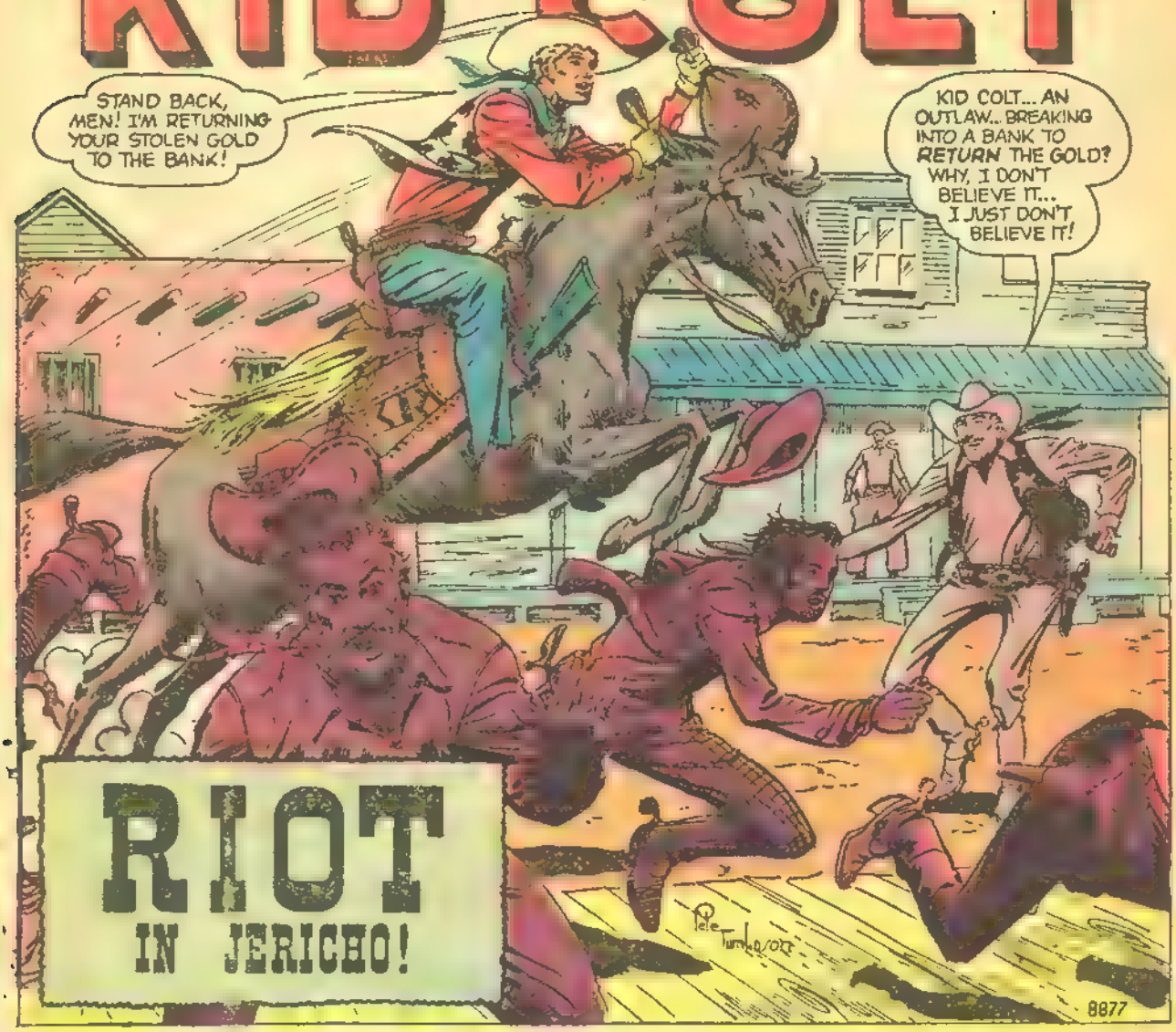
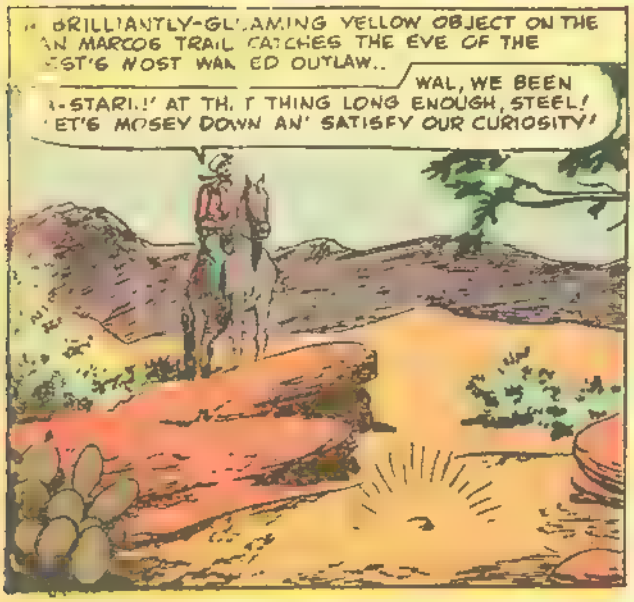
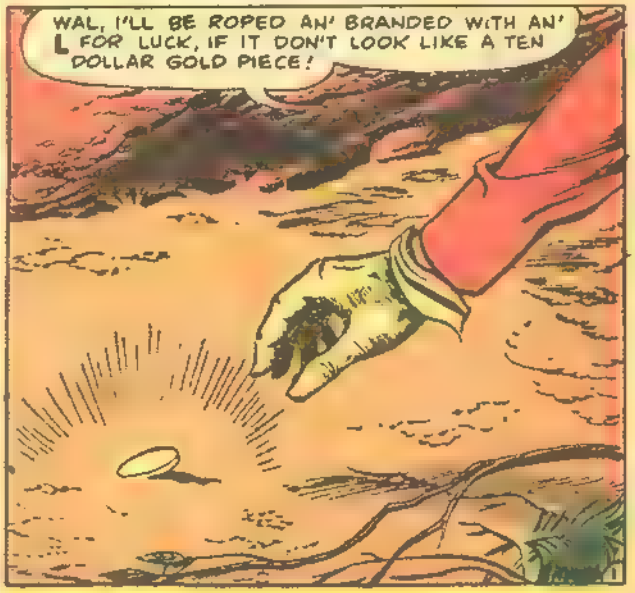


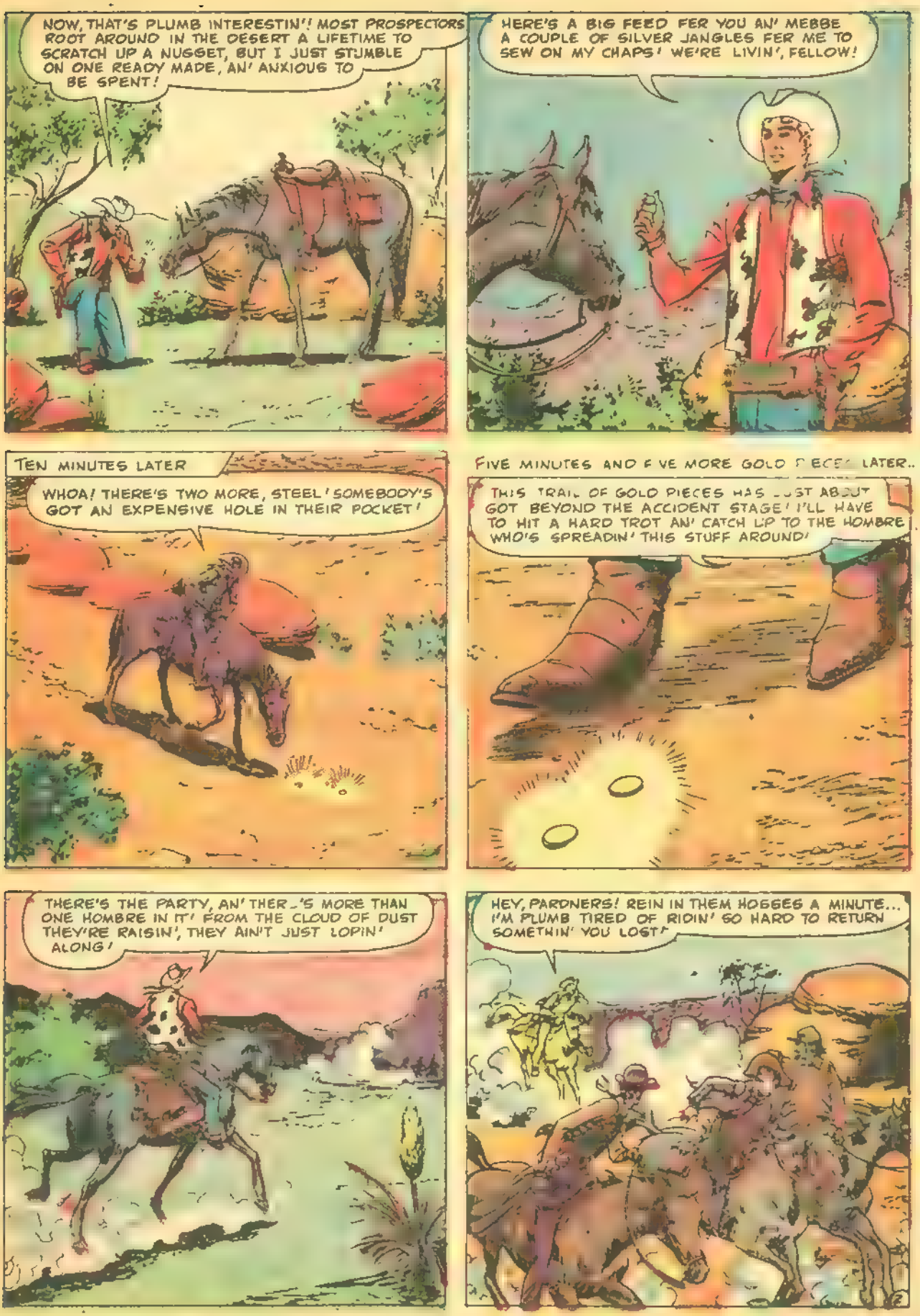
WHEATIES
"Breakfast of Champions"

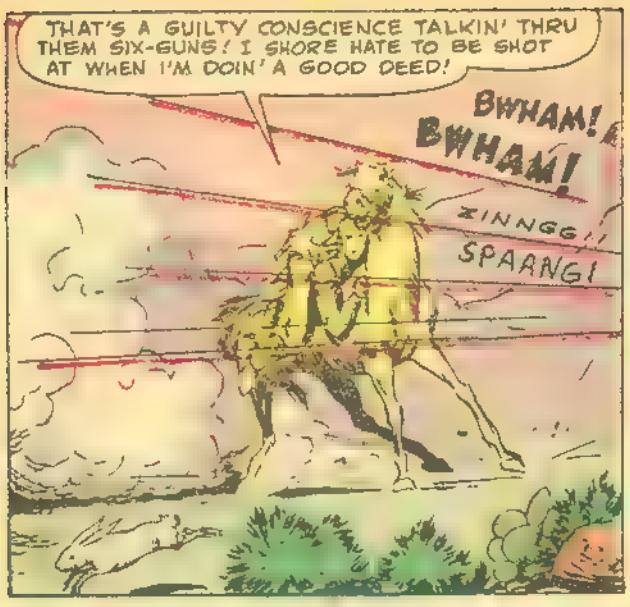
KID COLT

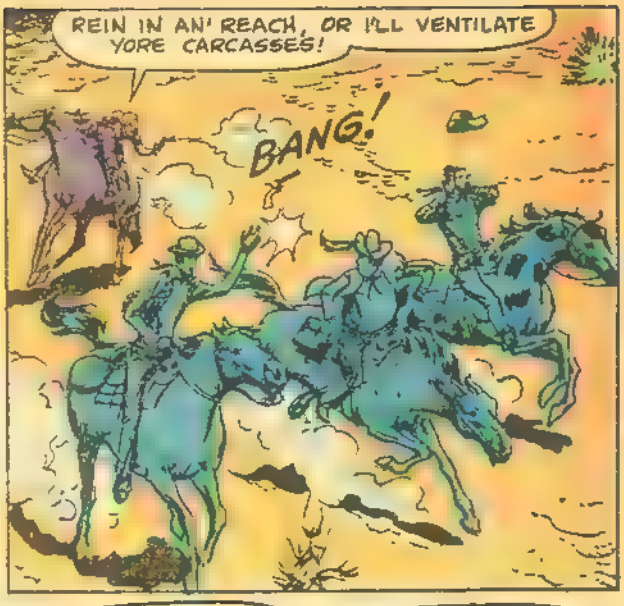

STAND BACK, MEN! I'M RETURNING YOUR STOLEN GOLD TO THE BANK!
KID COLT... AN OUTLAW.. BREAKING INTO A BANK TO RETURN THE GOLD? WHY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT... I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT!
RIOT
IN JERICHO!
Pete Tumbleson
8877


BRILLIANTLY-GL AMING YELLOW OBJECT ON THE AN MARCOS TRAIL CATCHES THE EYE OF THE EST'S MOST WAN ED OUTLAW..
WAL, WE BEEN -STARI-' AT TH. T THING LONG ENOUGH, STEEL! ET'S MOSEY DOWN AN' SATISFY OUR CURIOSITY!


WAL, I'LL BE ROPED AN' BRANDED WITH AN' L FOR LUCK, IF IT DON'T LOOK LIKE A TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECE!

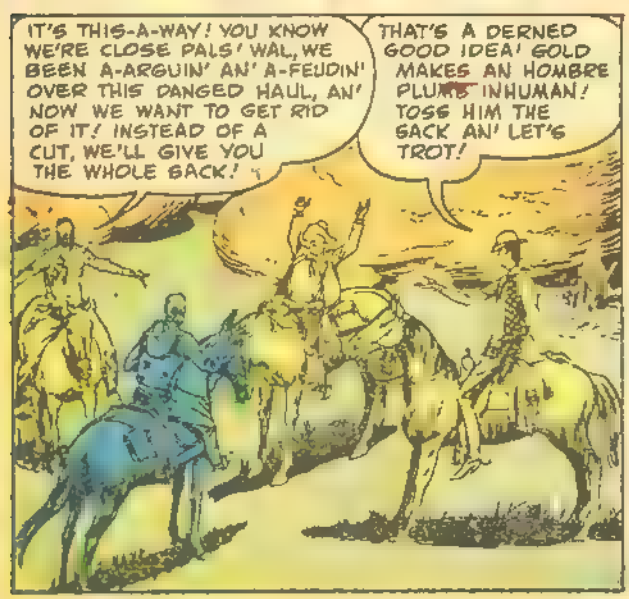

NOW, THAT'S PLUMB INTERESTIN'! MOST PROSPECTORS ROOT AROUND IN THE DESERT A LIFETIME TO SCRATCH UP A NUGGET, BUT I JUST STUMBLE ON ONE READY MADE, AN' ANXIOUS TO BE SPENT!
HERE'S A BIG FEED FER YOU AN' MEBBE A COUPLE OF SILVER JANGLES FER ME TO SEW ON MY CHAPS! WE'RE LIVIN', FELLOW!
TEN MINUTES LATER
WHOA! THERE'S TWO MORE, STEEL! SOMEBODY'S GOT AN EXPENSIVE HOLE IN THEIR POCKET!
FIVE MINUTES AND FIVE MORE GOLD PIECES LATER..
THIS TRAIL OF GOLD PIECES HAS JUST ABOUT GOT BEYOND THE ACCIDENT STAGE! I'LL HAVE TO HIT A HARD TROT AN' CATCH UP TO THE HOMBRE WHO'S SPREADIN' THIS STUFF AROUND!
THERE'S THE PARTY, AN' THERE'S MORE THAN ONE HOMBRE IN IT! FROM THE CLOUD OF DUST THEY'RE RAISIN', THEY AIN'T JUST LOPIN' ALONG!
HEY, PARDNERS! REIN IN THEM HOSSES A MINUTE... I'M PLUMB TIRED OF RIDIN' SO HARD TO RETURN SOMETHIN' YOU LOST!


THAT'S A GUILTY CONSCIENCE TALKIN' THRU THEM SIX-GUNS! I SHORE HATE TO BE SHOT AT WHEN I'M DOIN' A GOOD DEED!
BWHAM! BWHAM!
ZINNGG!!
SPAANG!

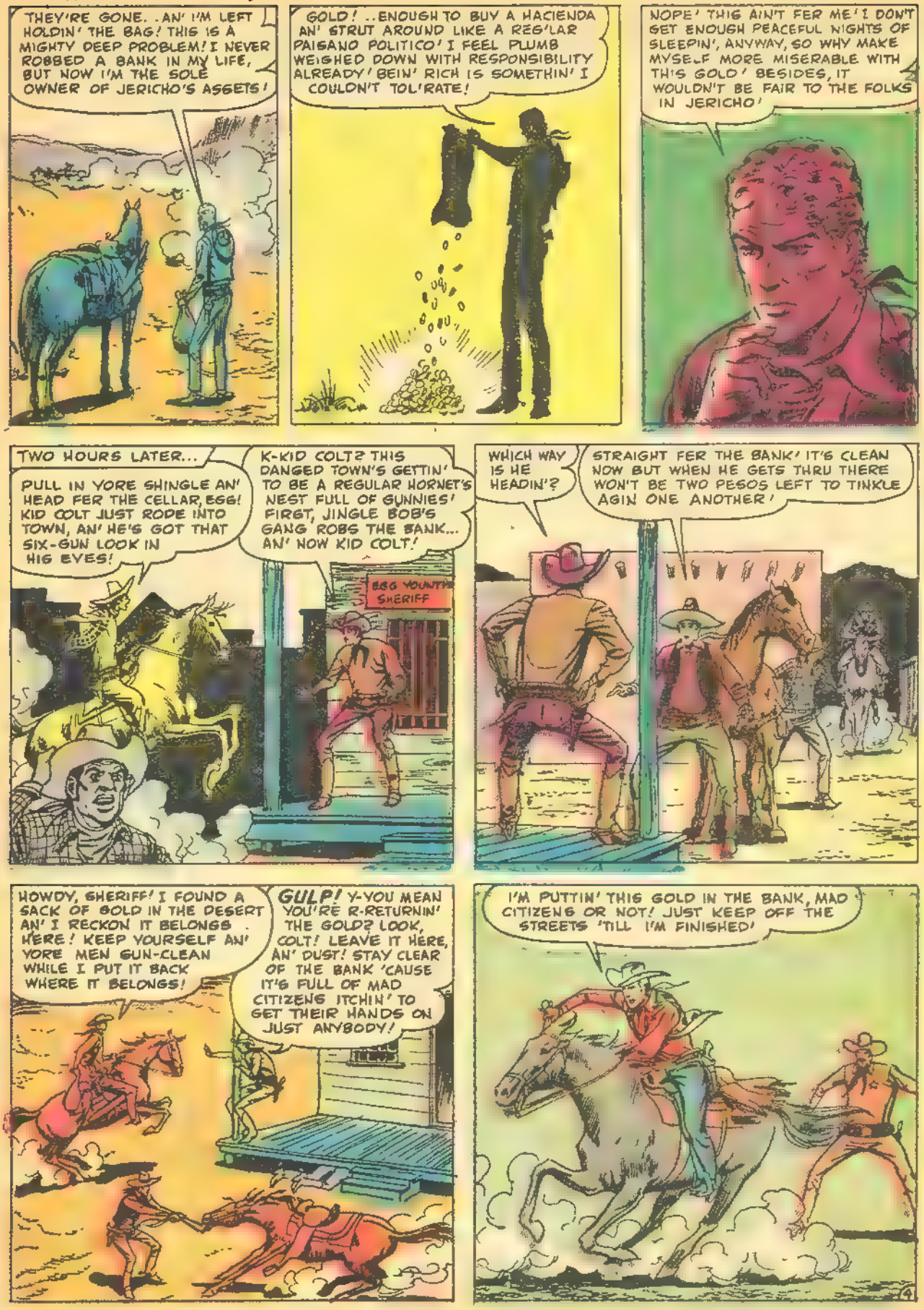

REIN IN AN' REACH, OR I'LL VENTILATE YORE CARCASSES!
BANG!

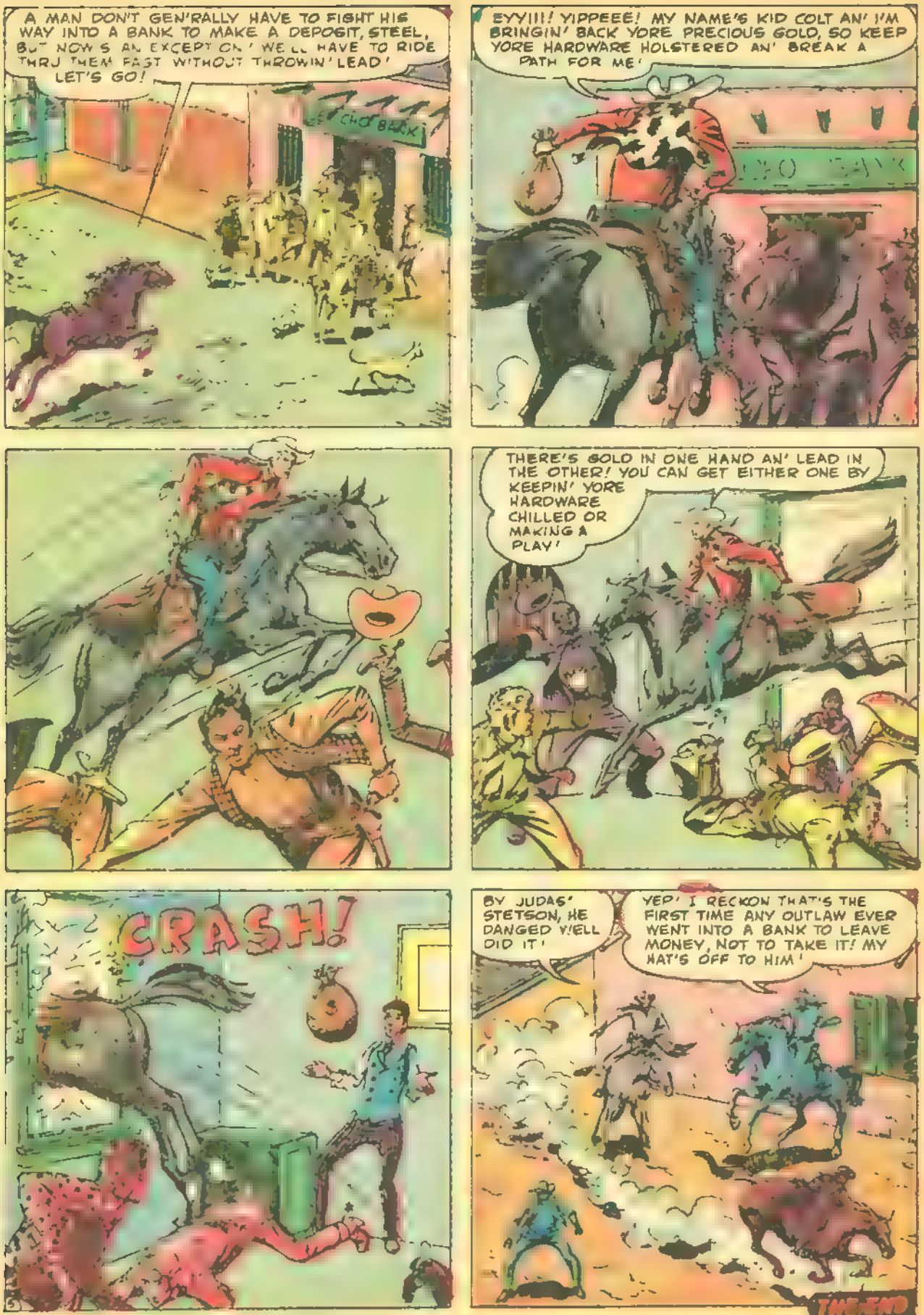
WAL, JINGLE MY SPURS, IF IT AIN'T THE THREE MOST LOCO BADMEN THIS SIDE OF PECOS .ABILENE HORN, JINGLE BOB, AN' JAKE THE SNAKE!
N-NOW, JES' KEEP THEM .45'S Q-QUIET, KID! WE'RE PLUMB FROZE AN' READY TO MAKE A DEAL!

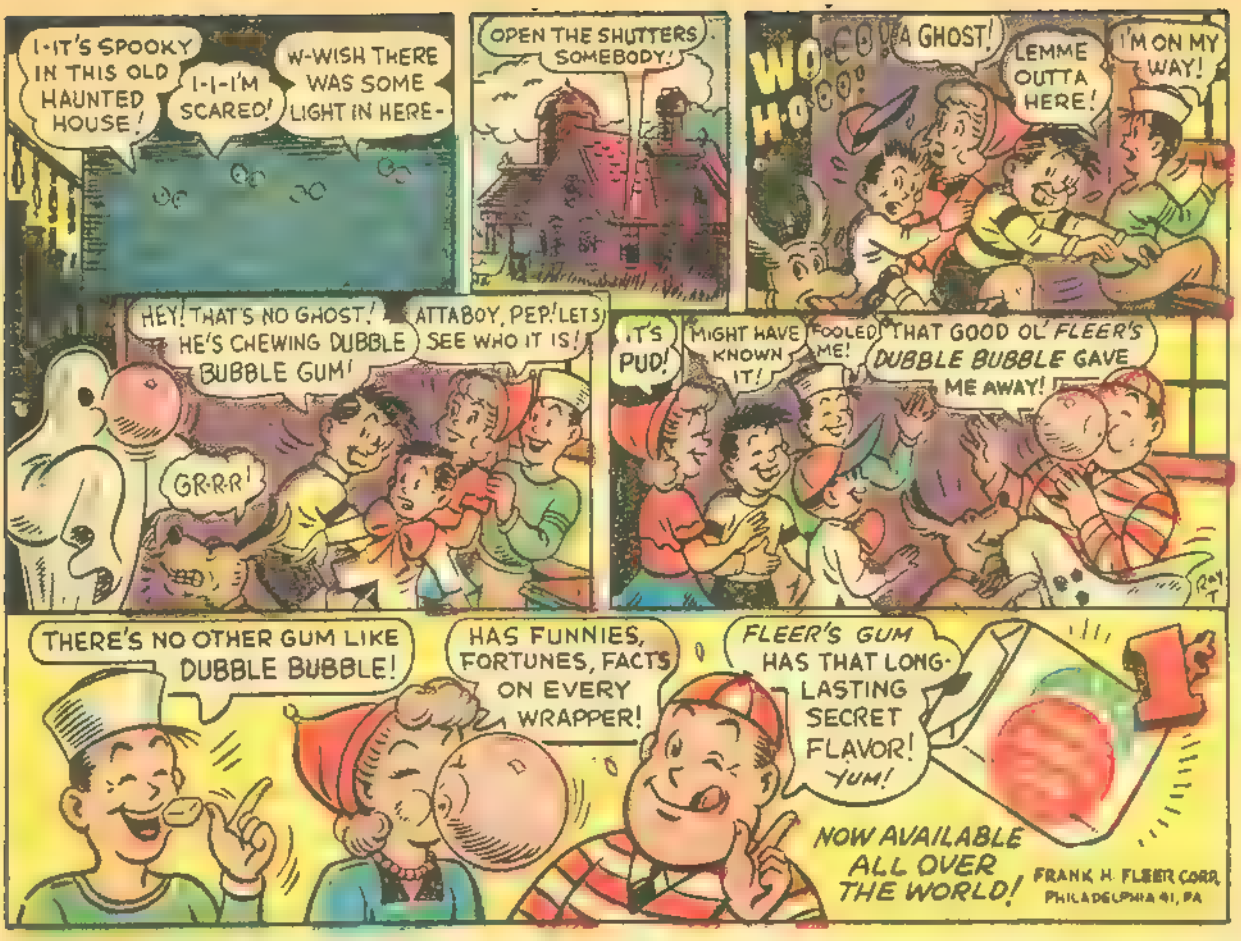
A DEAL? WHAT KIND OF A PICAYUNE DICKER KIN YOU SMALL CALIBER HOMBRES MAKE WITH ME? WHERE'D YUH GIT THE GOLD YOU BEEN DROPPIN' ALL OVER THE DESERT?
THAT'S THE DEAL, KID! WE'LL CUT YOU IN ON A SHARE OF THE GOLD WE HAULED OUTTA THE JERICHO BANK! IT'S BEEN CAUSIN' US TROUBLE EVER SINCE WE LAID OUR HANDS ON IT!


IT'S THIS-A-WAY! YOU KNOW WE'RE CLOSE PALS! WAL, WE BEEN A-ARGUIN' AN' A-FEUDIN' OVER THIS DANGED HAUL, AN' NOW WE WANT TO GET RID OF IT! INSTEAD OF A CUT, WE'LL GIVE YOU THE WHOLE SACK!
THAT'S A DERNED GOOD IDEA! GOLD MAKES AN HOMBRE PLUMB INHUMAN! TOSS HIM THE SACK AN' LET'S TROT!

THAR IT IS, AN I HOPE IT DON'T BRING YOU THE MISERY IT BROUGHT US!
WHAT? H-HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!


THEY'RE GONE. .AN' I'M LEFT HOLDIN' THE BAG! THIS IS A MIGHTY DEEP PROBLEM! I NEVER ROBBED A BANK IN MY LIFE, BUT NOW I'M THE SOLE OWNER OF JERICHO'S ASSETS!
GOLD! ..ENOUGH TO BUY A HACIENDA AN' STRUT AROUND LIKE A REG'LAR PAISANO POLITICO' I FEEL PLUMB WEIGHED DOWN WITH RESPONSIBILITY ALREADY' BEIN' RICH IS SOMETHIN' I COULDN'T TOL'RATE!
NOPE' THIG AIN'T FER ME' I DON'T GET ENOUGH PEACEFUL NIGHTS OF SLEEPIN', ANYWAY, SO WHY MAKE MYSELF MORE MISERABLE WITH THIS GOLD' BESIDES, IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO THE FOLKS IN JERICHO'
TWO HOURS LATER...
PULL IN YORE SHINGLE AN' HEAD FER THE CELLAR, EGG! KID COLT JUST RODE INTO TOWN, AN' HE'S GOT THAT SIX-GUN LOOK IN HIS EYES!
K-KID COLT? THIS DANGED TOWN'S GETTIN' TO BE A REGULAR HORNET'S NEST FULL OF GUNNIES' FIRST, JINGLE BOB'S GANG ROBS THE BANK... AN' NOW KID COLT!
EGG YOUNT SHERIFF
WHICH WAY IS HE HEADIN'?
STRAIGHT FER THE BANK' IT'S CLEAN NOW BUT WHEN HE GETS THRU THERE WON'T BE TWO PESOS LEFT TO TINKLE AGIN ONE ANOTHER'
HOWDY, SHERIFF! I FOUND A SACK OF GOLD IN THE DESERT AN' I RECKON IT BELONGS HERE! KEEP YOURSELF AN' YORE MEN GUN-CLEAN WHILE I PUT IT BACK WHERE IT BELONGS!
GULP! Y-YOU MEAN YOU'RE R-RETURNIN' THE GOLD? LOOK, COLT! LEAVE IT HERE, AN' DUST! STAY CLEAR OF THE BANK 'CAUSE IT'S FULL OF MAD CITIZENS ITCHIN' TO GET THEIR HANDS ON JUST ANYBODY!
I'M PUTTIN' THIS GOLD IN THE BANK, MAD CITIZENS OR NOT! JUST KEEP OFF THE STREETS 'TILL I'M FINISHED!
4


A MAN DON'T GEN'RALLY HAVE TO FIGHT HIS WAY INTO A BANK TO MAKE A DEPOSIT, STEEL, BUT NOW'S AN EXCEPTION! WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE THRU THEM FAST WITHOUT THROWIN' LEAD! LET'S GO!
EYYIII! YIPPEEE! MY NAME'S KID COLT AN' I'M BRINGIN' BACK YORE PRECIOUS GOLD, SO KEEP YORE HARDWARE HOLSTERED AN' BREAK A PATH FOR ME!
THERE'S GOLD IN ONE HAND AN' LEAD IN THE OTHER! YOU CAN GET EITHER ONE BY KEEPIN' YORE HARDWARE CHILLED OR MAKING A PLAY!
CRASH!
BY JUDAS' STETSON, HE DANGED WELL DID IT!
YEP! I RECKON THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANY OUTLAW EVER WENT INTO A BANK TO LEAVE MONEY, NOT TO TAKE IT! MY HAT'S OFF TO HIM!
THE END


I-IT'S SPOOKY IN THIS OLD HAUNTED HOUSE!
I-I-I'M SCARED!
W-WISH THERE WAS SOME LIGHT IN HERE-
OPEN THE SHUTTERS SOMEBODY!
WOOOOOO!
A GHOST!
LEMME OUTTA HERE!
I'M ON MY WAY!
HEY! THAT'S NO GHOST! HE'S CHEWING DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
ATTABOY, PEP! LET'S SEE WHO IT IS!
GR-R-R!
IT'S PUD!
MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT!
FOOLED ME!
THAT GOOD OL' FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GAVE ME AWAY!
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whacker had cut off the man's ears, and then buried the man in an anthill to be eaten alive by red ants. And then there was the story of the man he had hung from a tree by his toes, and then flayed alive until the man died. And then there was the time . . .

Rusty began to feel sick. If only he could catch him unaware and draw before the man could gather his wits. If only he could—

"*Arg-g-g-g!*"

"What the?—" Rusty swung around in his saddle in time to see Fred's horse go down. The palomino had stumbled into a gopher hole. The bandit—Fred—went down under him, like a lump of soggy clay. He was unconscious.

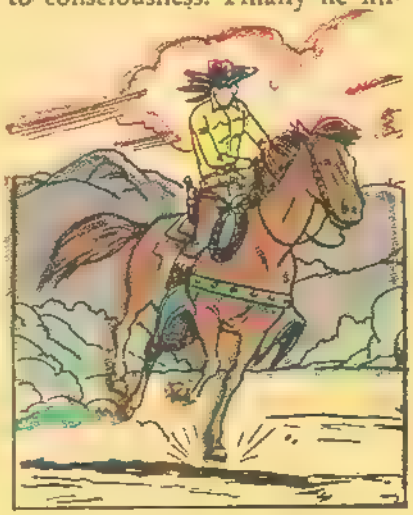
Rusty swung down from his own mount, and drew his gun. He aimed it at Fred's head, and prepared to pull the trigger. For some reason he couldn't. He couldn't get himself to kill an unconscious man in cold blood.

If he were awake and disabled — maybe. But like this, completely unable to defend himself — it would be murder. After all, how could he explain it to the law? Even though *he* knew that Fred Ashton was the whistling bushwhacker, what proof did he have to present to the law? None.

He slipped his gun back into its holster and stood there a moment, calculating what he should do. He could tie the man up and take him into the nearest town and turn him over to the law. That would be best. He started to do that until he realized that what had happened to Fred could very well happen to him. If he stumbled — or for any reason were knocked unconscious — he was sure that the Whistling Bandit would not hesitate, for an instant, to kill him.

But he knew that he would never be able to shoot him in cold blood. Then an idea hit him. He could just tie him up, take his horse, and just leave him to die. That wouldn't be murder, and it was a more understandable — or at least passive method of defending his own life against the mad killer.

Deciding, he picked Fred's lariat off his saddle-horn, and then shooed the frightened palomino away. The horse went galloping off, topped a rise, and was finally out of sight. Rusty began to tie Fred with his own rope, and his hands trembled as he did so. He wanted to move quickly before Fred came back to consciousness. Finally he finished and stepped back to survey his work. It was a good job of hog-tying, and he knew that Fred would starve to death, and be picked clean by buzzards, before he ever got out of that. Rusty mounted his horse and began to ride off.



"*Rusty! Rusty, what — what happened? Why am I tied like this?*" It was Fred.

Rusty had finished tying him just in the nick of time. Another minute and . . . Rusty shuddered just to think of it. He kicked his horse, and started to ride out of the clearing.

"Rusty! Can't you hear me? What are you doing? Oh, my gosh! You really think I'm . . .

But Rusty had ridden out of earshot. He was safe now, but he was not pleased with himself. The thought plagued him that, no matter who the man was, or what the crimes were that he had committed, he — Rusty Barton — was taking the law into his own hands, and sentencing a man to death . . . without trial. And on what evidence? Nothing but his own suspicions and a whistled tune.

He thought about it. Bit his lower lip, and then finally reined his horse around and headed back to where he had left Fred. It meant placing his own life in danger, because if Fred wanted to . . . if he were angry . . . he could kill him like — that!

There were tears in Fred's eyes when he saw that Rusty had come back for him. Rusty bent down to untie him.

"I'm probably the biggest fool in the world for doing this. You'll probably kill me. But even though you are the Whisting Bushwhacker, I can't rightly take the law into my own hands to punish you."

When Fred's hands were freed, he grabbed Rusty by the shoulders and shook him. "You dad blamed fool! You oughtta be horsewhipped! I ain't the Whistlin' Bushwhacker. There ain't no such thing. Don't you know that's just a kid's story they tell to strangers to scare 'em? Why, sometimes they even take greenhorns out and get someone in a house to whistle, just so's they can make it look real!"

Rusty's mouth was wide open, and his face was white.

"You mean—?"

"I mean that you nearly killed an innocent friend, just because you got a little skittery. Now let's get on home." Fred shook his finger in Rusty's face. "And don't go forgettin' that there ain't no such thing as *The Whistling Bushwhacker!*"

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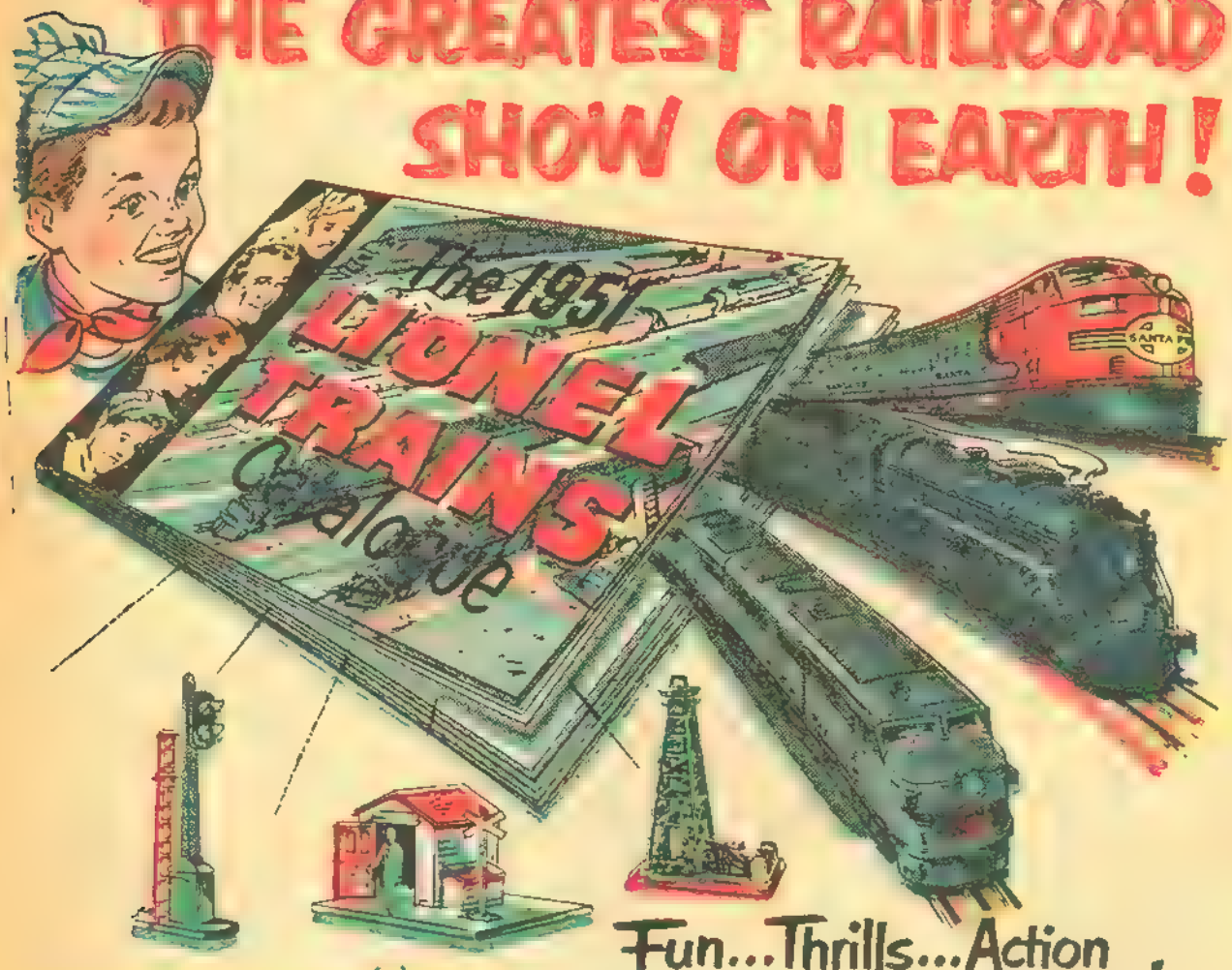

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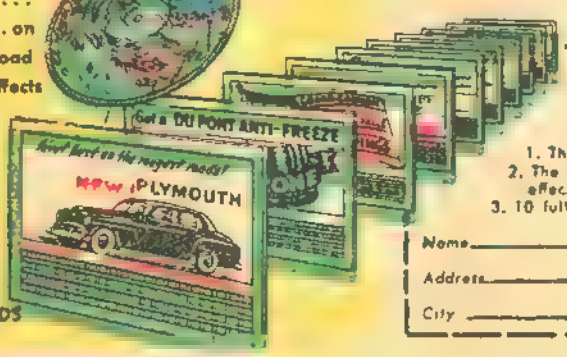

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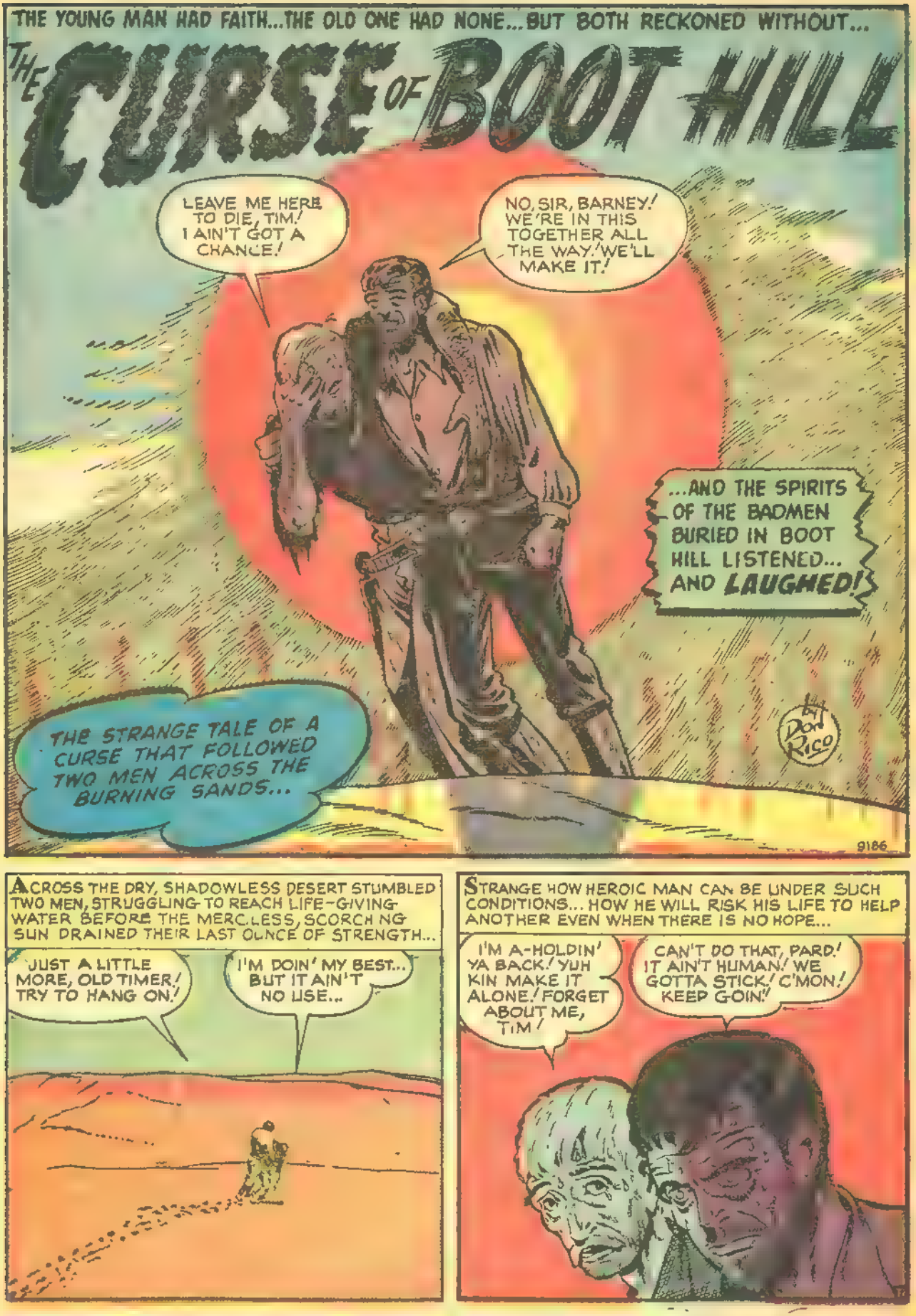
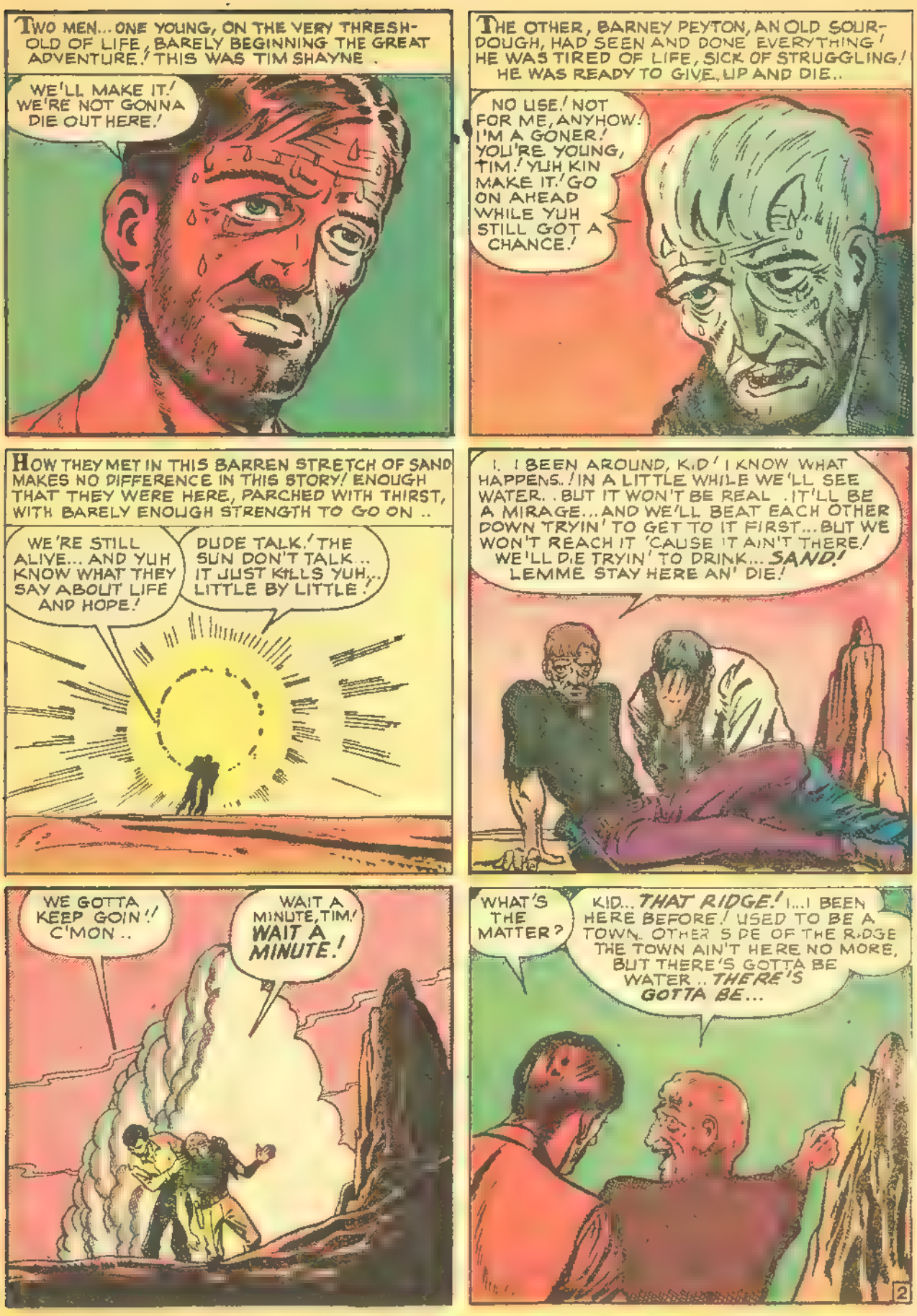
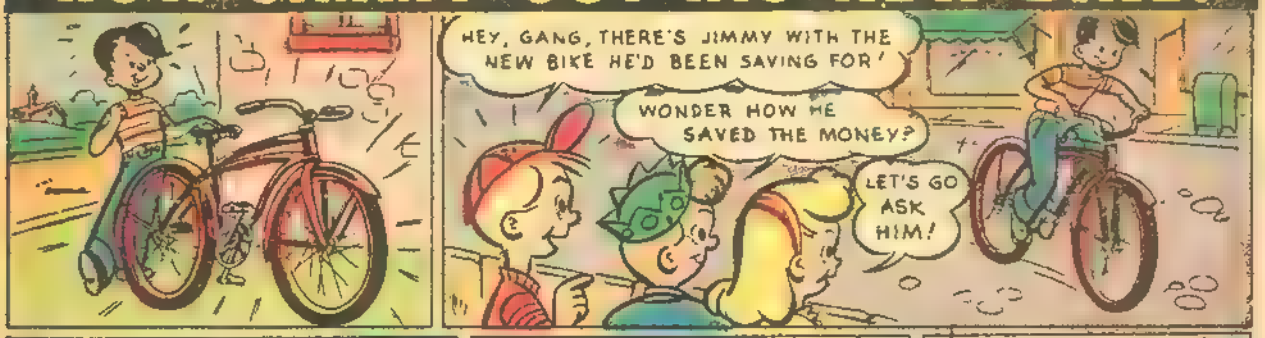

THE YOUNG MAN HAD FAITH...THE OLD ONE HAD NONE...BUT BOTH RECKONED WITHOUT...
THE CURSE OF BOOT HILL
LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE, TIM! I AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!
NO, SIR, BARNEY! WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER ALL THE WAY! WE'LL MAKE IT!
...AND THE SPIRITS OF THE BADMEN BURIED IN BOOT HILL LISTENED... AND LAUGHED!
THE STRANGE TALE OF A CURSE THAT FOLLOWED TWO MEN ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS...
BJ DON RICO
9186
ACROSS THE DRY, SHADOWLESS DESERT STUMBLED TWO MEN, STRUGGLING TO REACH LIFE-GIVING WATER BEFORE THE MERCILESS, SCORCHING SUN DRAINED THEIR LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH...
JUST A LITTLE MORE, OLD TIMER! TRY TO HANG ON!
I'M DOIN' MY BEST... BUT IT AIN'T NO USE...
STRANGE HOW HEROIC MAN CAN BE UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS... HOW HE WILL RISK HIS LIFE TO HELP ANOTHER EVEN WHEN THERE IS NO HOPE...
I'M A-HOLDIN' YA BACK! YUH KIN MAKE IT ALONE! FORGET ABOUT ME, TIM!
CAN'T DO THAT, PARD! IT AIN'T HUMAN! WE GOTTA STICK! C'MON! KEEP GOIN'!


TWO MEN... ONE YOUNG, ON THE VERY THRESHOLD OF LIFE, BARELY BEGINNING THE GREAT ADVENTURE! THIS WAS TIM SHAYNE .
WE'LL MAKE IT! WE'RE NOT GONNA DIE OUT HERE!
THE OTHER, BARNEY PEYTON, AN OLD SOURDOUGH, HAD SEEN AND DONE EVERYTHING! HE WAS TIRED OF LIFE, SICK OF STRUGGLING! HE WAS READY TO GIVE UP AND DIE..
NO USE! NOT FOR ME, ANYHOW! I'M A GONER! YOU'RE YOUNG, TIM! YUH KIN MAKE IT! GO ON AHEAD WHILE YUH STILL GOT A CHANCE!
HOW THEY MET IN THIS BARREN STRETCH OF SAND MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IN THIS STORY! ENOUGH THAT THEY WERE HERE, PARCHED WITH THIRST, WITH BARELY ENOUGH STRENGTH TO GO ON ..
WE'RE STILL ALIVE... AND YUH KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT LIFE AND HOPE!
DUDE TALK! THE SUN DON'T TALK... IT JUST KILLS YUH,.. LITTLE BY LITTLE!
I.. I BEEN AROUND, KID! I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS.! IN A LITTLE WHILE WE'LL SEE WATER.. BUT IT WON'T BE REAL .IT'LL BE A MIRAGE... AND WE'LL BEAT EACH OTHER DOWN TRYIN' TO GET TO IT FIRST... BUT WE WON'T REACH IT 'CAUSE IT AIN'T THERE! WE'LL DIE TRYIN' TO DRINK... SAND! LEMME STAY HERE AN' DIE!
WE GOTTA KEEP GOIN'! C'MON ..
WAIT A MINUTE, TIM! WAIT A MINUTE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
KID... THAT RIDGE! I...I BEEN HERE BEFORE! USED TO BE A TOWN. OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE THE TOWN AIN'T HERE NO MORE, BUT THERE'S GOTTA BE WATER.. THERE'S GOTTA BE...
2

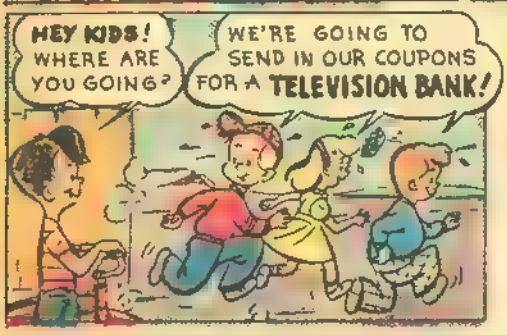
HEE 'HEE ' YOU WAS RIGHT, KID ' WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE! WE'LL BEAT THE DESERT YET '
TAKE T EASY, BARNEY! SAVE YORE STRENGTH AN' TRY TO GET YORE BEARIN'S ON THIS PLACE! WHAT 'YUH REMEMBER A... T IT?
LEMME SEE IT WAS TWENTY . MEBBE TH RTY YEARS AGO! LIVELY TOWN HERE THEN HEAP O' SHOOTIN'! THEN THE FRONTIER PUSHED ON AN' FOLKS WENT WITH IT! THE TOWN DIED! BEEN DEAD EVER SINCE!
BUT THERE WAS A LIVE SPRING HERE... PLENTY OF WATER!
THINK, BARNEY, THINK! WHERE WAS THE SPRING?
I REMEMBER OTHER SIDE O' THAT RIDGE IS BOOT HILL HEAP O' BANDITS AN' OUTLAWS BURIED THERE OTHER SIDE O' BOOT HILL IS THE SPRING!
LET'S HOPE IT'S STILL POURIN' WATER 'C'MON, BARNEY!
WAIT ' NOT THAT WAY ' NOT THROUGH BOOT HILL!
WHY NOT?
CAN'T GO THROUGH BOOT HILL! GOTTA GO AROUND IT!
WHAT? THAT'S CRAZY! WE AIN'T GOT STRENGTH LEFT TO GO MUCH FURTHER / WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE SPRING IF WE GO AROUND IT! THROUGH BOOT HILL AN' WE'LL BE AT THE WATER N FIVE MINUTES! WE'RE GOIN'!
NO, I SAID! 'TAIN'T RIGHT FOR MEN TO WALK ONTO BOOT HILL LNLESS YUH COME TO BURY SOME BODY ' IT'S A CURSE IN THESE PARTS! SOMETH N' BAD'LL HAPPEN TO US SURE!
IT CAN'T BE ANY WORSE'N WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF WE DON'T CUT THROUGH! 'SIDES, THAT'S ALL BUNK WE GOTA CHANCE TO LIVE, BARNEY! LET'S TAKE IT!
HAYLE
3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

HOW JIMMY GOT HIS NEW BIKE!



IT WAS EASY TO SAVE MONEY WITH MY NEW TELEVISION BANK!
WHEN RELATIVES, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS VISITED, THEY ALL PUT COINS IN THE TELEVISION BANK TO SEE IT LIGHT UP!
IN JUST NO TIME, I SAVED ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THIS NIFTY BIKE!



LOTS OF FUN AND MONEY!

WITH THIS

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LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
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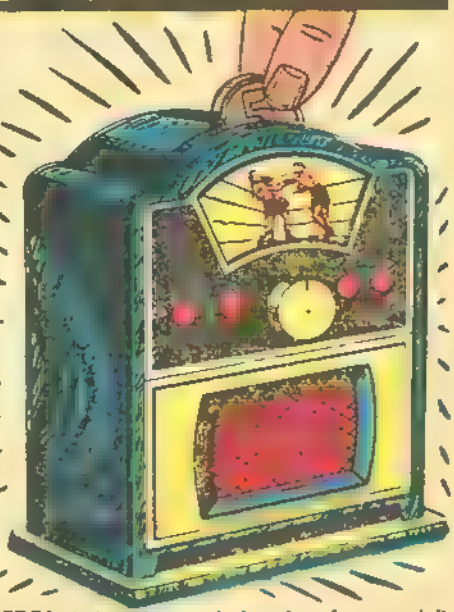
COMPLETE WITH BATTERY AND BULB!

GUARANTEED to DELIGHT YOU! Bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying your wealth of savings.



BIGGEST ATTRACTION EVER! Everyone will want to see this amazing new Television Bank. Your friends, relatives and neighbors can't resist putting in coins to see this sensational show!

LIGHTS UP THE INSTANT YOU DROP COIN! Just insert a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into the slot on top. In a split second your spectacular Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! The screen leaps into dazzling life with the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! After you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show". Light goes out automatically as new picture appears. To light new picture, bank another coin. SIX exciting pictures—a fight, a hilarious cartoon, a tense rodeo scene, a swell figure skater, a dramatic dance team and a circus clown with his trick dog!

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New York 2, N. Y.

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WITH THE COURAGE OF YOUTH TIM RUSHED INTO THIS LAST NESTING PLACE OF THE OLD TIME MEN OF THE WEST WHO DIED IN THE FACE OF BLAZING SX-GUNS!
THEY'RE JEALOUS, I TELL YUH, THESE DEAD GUNMEN! THEY DON'T LIKE STRANGERS BUTTIN' IN LIKE THIS! WE SHOULDA GONE THE OTHER WAY..
FORGET IT, BARNEY LOOK!
THERE, OUT IN THE OPEN, TORN APART BY ONLY THE DESERT KNEW WHAT, WAS A CHEST..
GOLD! GOLD! IT'S THE KUBER HAUL! I HEARD THE DELSING BUNCH STOLE IT BUT NOBODY EVER KNEW WHERE THEY HID IT AFORE THEY WAS KILLED! THIS IS WHERE THEY BURIED IT... ON BOOT HILL!
GOLD?
YES! GOLD! GOLD! AND I FOUND IT! I FOUND IT!
YOU, BARNEY?
MEN DO STRANGE THINGS IN THE FACE OF DEATH, BUT STRANGER THINGS STILL IN THE FACE OF SUDDEN WEALTH.
MIKE O'
THEY WILL HELP EACH OTHER, SOMETIMES... BUT SOMETIMES...
UGHHHH! YUH DIRTY...
MEN ACT ONE WAY..AND THEN ANOTHER! BUT THE CURSE OF BOOT HILL GOES ON AND ON...
THE END

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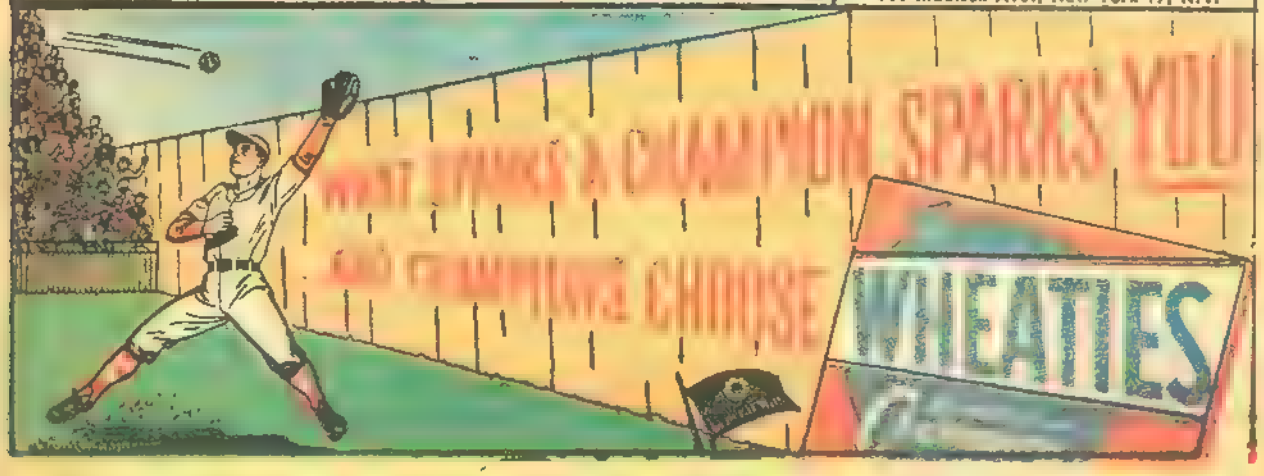
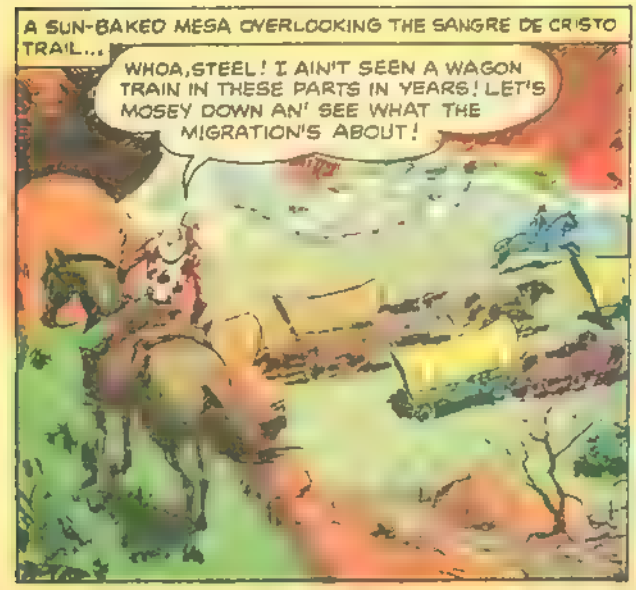
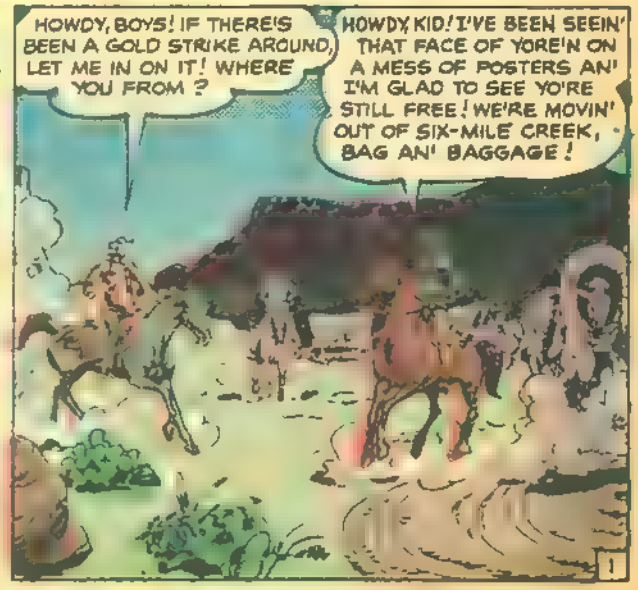


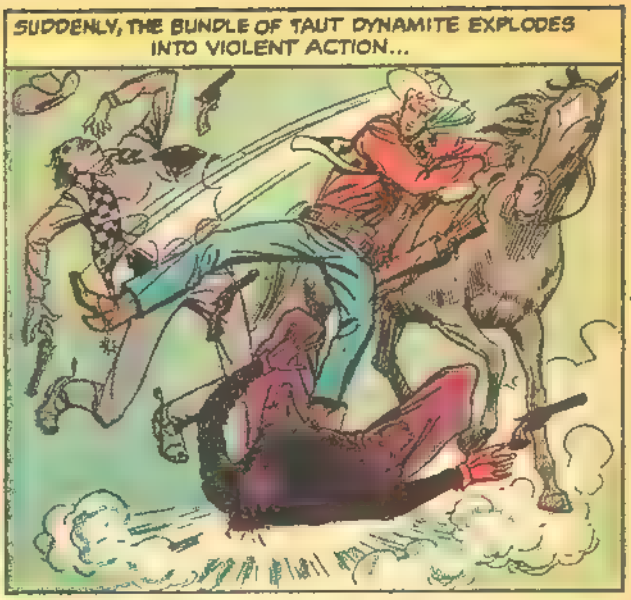
KID COLT
LOOK OUT, COLT! THAT HOMBRE'S AN IMPOSTER! I'M MATT STEVENS!
NO, I'M THE REAL SHERIFF OF SIX-MILES CREEK! GUN DOWN THAT FAKER, COLT!
WANTED
KID COLT
THE SHERIFF OF SIX-MILE CREEK!


A SUN-BAKED MESA OVERLOOKING THE SANGRE DE CRISTO TRAIL...
WHOA, STEEL! I AIN'T SEEN A WAGON TRAIN IN THESE PARTS IN YEARS! LET'S MOSEY DOWN AN' SEE WHAT THE MIGRATION'S ABOUT!


HOWDY, BOYS! IF THERE'S BEEN A GOLD STRIKE AROUND, LET ME IN ON IT! WHERE YOU FROM ?
HOWDY, KID! I'VE BEEN SEEIN' THAT FACE OF YORE'N ON A MESS OF POSTERS AN' I'M GLAD TO SEE YO'RE STILL FREE! WE'RE MOVIN' OUT OF SIX-MILE CREEK, BAG AN' BAGGAGE!

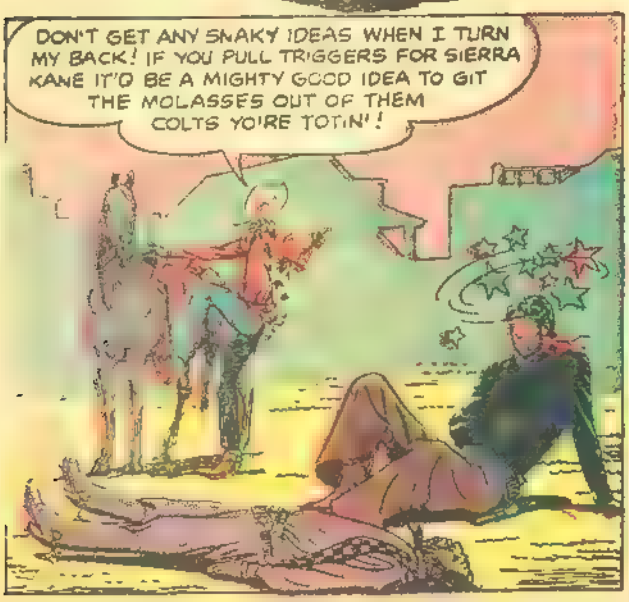
GETTIN' OUT OF SIX-MILE CREEK? WHY, I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT TOWN WAS A HAVEN FER DECENT FOLKS!
IT WAS... BUT IT AIN'T NO MORE! IT'S NOTHIN' BUT A CESSPOOL FER BORDER-JUMPERS, RAMRODDERS, AN' RUSTLERS NOW! AIN'T A DECENT HOMBRE LEFT IN TOWN!
IT SURE DON'T SOUND LIKE THE TOWN THAT OL' SHERIFF MATT STEVENS OPERATED! HE KEPT THAT TOWN GUN-CLEAN AN' HAPPY FER YEARS!
OL' MATT STEVENS FELL BY THE WAYSIDE! HE TURNED COAT, HE DID: RIGHT NOW HE'S WORKIN' HAND-AN'-GLOVE WITH A MOB OF GUNNIES LED BY SIERRA KANE! THE TOWN IS THEIRS!
KID, TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLD HAND! IF YOU'RE THINKIN' OF HEADIN' INTO SIX-MILE CREEK, YOU BETTER PICK OUT A NEAT HEADSTONE!
SHUCKS, A LONG SPIKED CACTUS WILL SUIT ME FINE FER A HEADSTONE! I'M DOWNRIGHT ANXIOUS TO LOOK UP MY OL' AMIGO MATT STEVENS AN' SEE HOW HE'S CHANGED! HASTA LA VISTA!
TWO HOURS LATER...
LOOKA YONDER, GRAHAM! A SMOOTH-FACED RANNY SPORTIN' A PAIR OF BIG GUNS!
AN' A DANGED FINE PAIR OF COLTS AT THAT! LET'S GIVE HIM A SCARE AN' LIBERATE THEM SHOOTIN' IRONS!
HEY, BUSTER! GIT YORE WIRY FRAME OFF'N THIS SPAVINED CAYUSE AN' LET'S MAKE A TRADE! WE TOOK A SHINE TO YORE HOSS AN' GUNS!
I SURE CAN'T BLAME YOU, BOYS! I TOOK A SHINE TO 'EM, TOO, AN' I GOT NO MIND ABOUT TRADIN' EITHER OF 'EM! VAMOOSE!
GIT OFF PRONTO, LI'L BOY, OR WE'LL BRAND AN' BURY YA! YOU'RE TALKIN' TO A COUPLE OF HOMBRES WHO PULL TRIGGERS FER SIERRA KANE!
I'VE HEARD TELL OF THAT HAWG-FACED RUSTLER! I SURE HATE TO SPILL BLOOD THIS TIME OF DAY, SO KEEP YORE PAWS OFF MY HOSS AN' DRIFT!

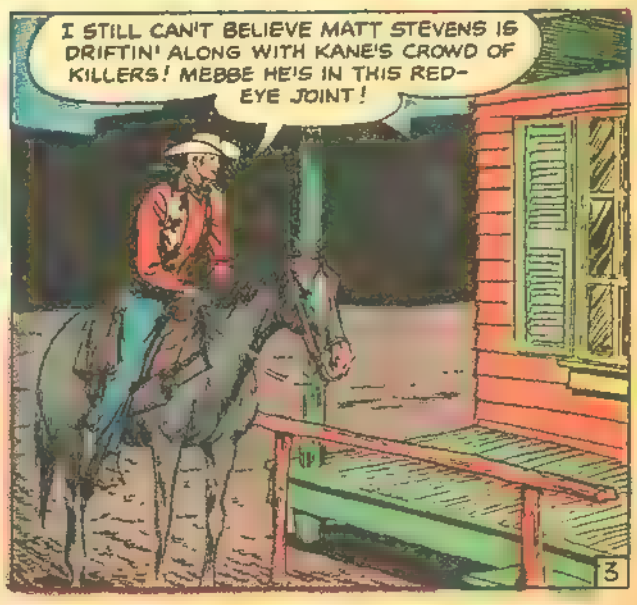
...E DOWN AN' HIT THE ...NG ...T... ...ORE FEET ...E ...N YORE ...ANDS ...IGH!
I SURE THOUGHT I'D FINISH OUT THIS WEEK WITHOUT HAVIN' TO CLEAN MY GUNS AGAIN, BUT I RECKON YOU JUST WON'T LET ME!

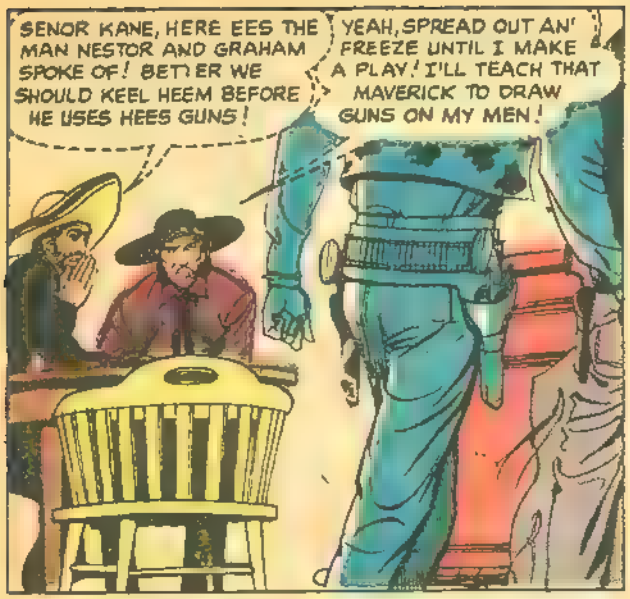

SUDDENLY, THE BUNDLE OF TAUT DYNAMITE EXPLODES INTO VIOLENT ACTION...

DON'T GO AWAY YET! YOU STARTED TALKIN' ABOUT A TRADE, AN' I AIM TO FINISH THE PALAVER!

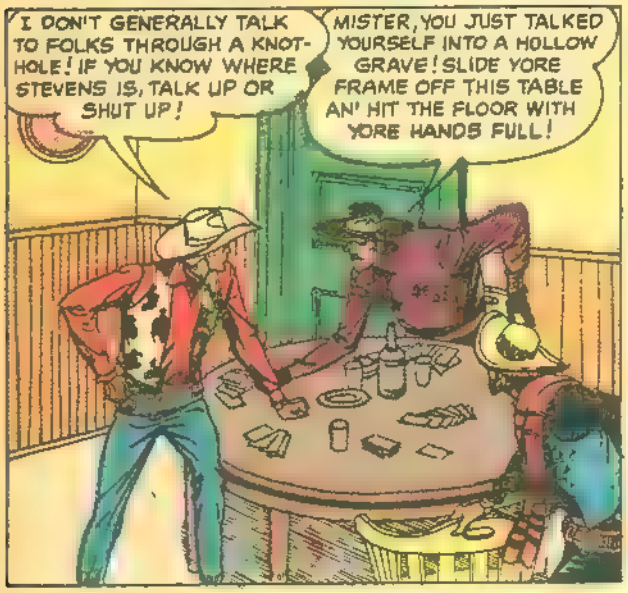
NOW, LISTEN HARD, YOU BUSHWHACKIN' COYOTES! WHEN YOU GIT BACK TO THE ROCK YOU LIVE UNDER, TELL ALL THE REST OF YORE PALS TO KEEP THEIR HARDWARE FROZE WHILE I STAY IN THIS TOWN!

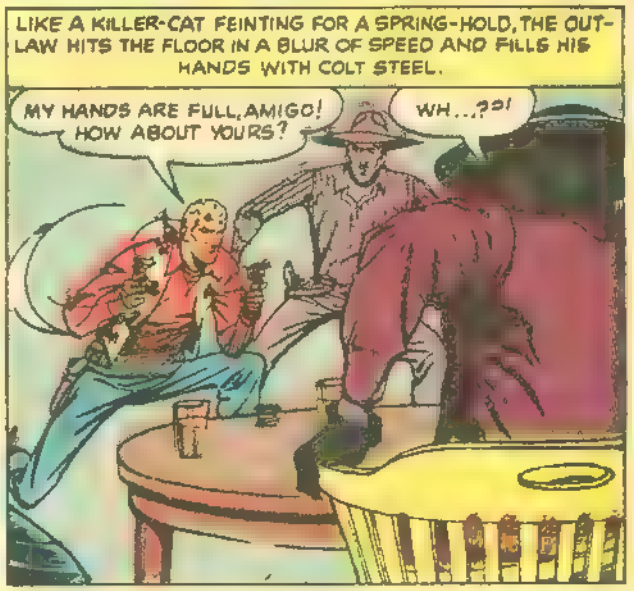

DON'T GET ANY SNAKY IDEAS WHEN I TURN MY BACK! IF YOU PULL TRIGGERS FOR SIERRA KANE IT'D BE A MIGHTY GOOD IDEA TO GIT THE MOLASSES OUT OF THEM COLTS YO'RE TOTIN'!

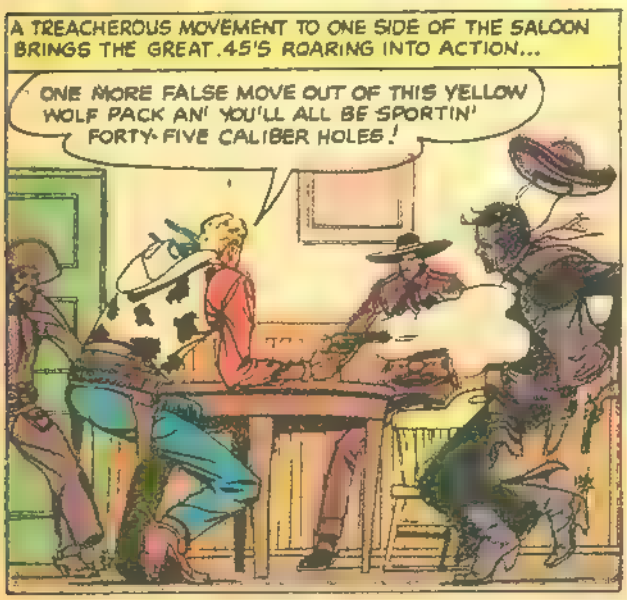

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MATT STEVENS IS DRIFTIN' ALONG WITH KANE'S CROWD OF KILLERS! MEBBE HE'S IN THIS RED-EYE JOINT!
3


SENOR KANE, HERE EES THE MAN NESTOR AND GRAHAM SPOKE OF! BETTER WE SHOULD KEEL HEEM BEFORE HE USES HEES GUNS!
YEAH, SPREAD OUT AN' FREEZE UNTIL I MAKE A PLAY! I'LL TEACH THAT MAVERICK TO DRAW GUNS ON MY MEN!

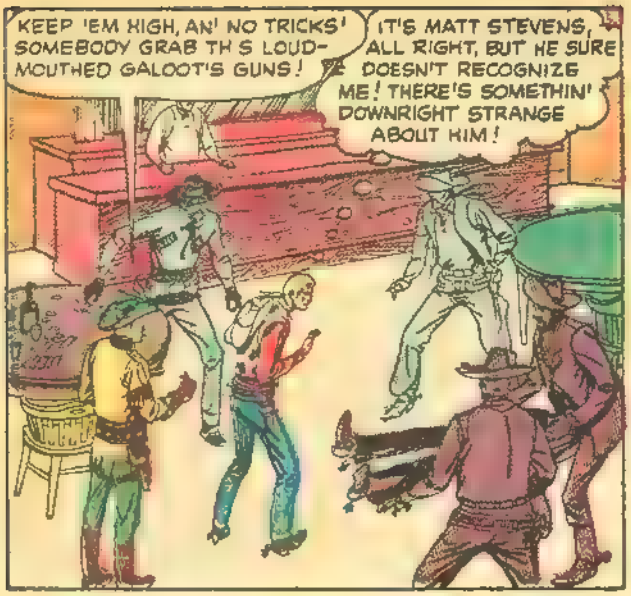
HOWDY! ANYBODY SEEN SHERIFF MATT STEVENS AROUND?
YEAH, I HAVE! ANYTHING YUH WANT TO SAY TO STEVENS YUH KIN SAY TO ME! HE TAKES ORDERS FROM ME!

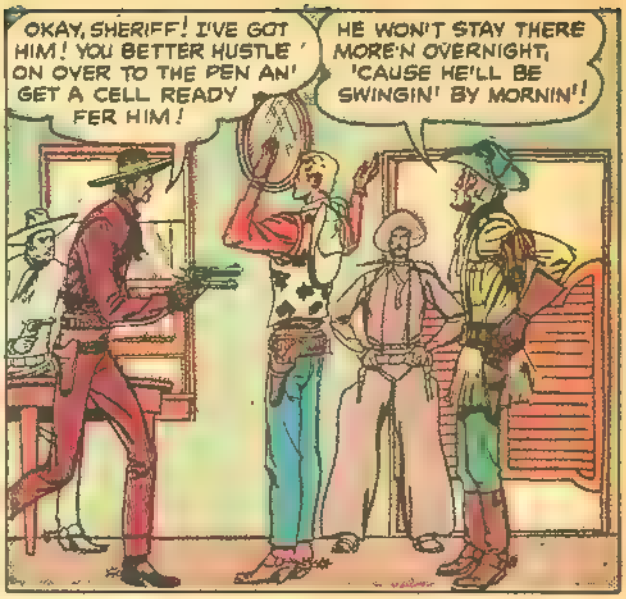

I DON'T GENERALLY TALK TO FOLKS THROUGH A KNOT-HOLE! IF YOU KNOW WHERE STEVENS IS, TALK UP OR SHUT UP!
MISTER, YOU JUST TALKED YOURSELF INTO A HOLLOW GRAVE! SLIDE YORE FRAME OFF THIS TABLE AN' HIT THE FLOOR WITH YORE HANDS FULL!


LIKE A KILLER-CAT FEINTING FOR A SPRING-HOLD, THE OUT-LAW HITS THE FLOOR IN A BLUR OF SPEED AND FILLS HIS HANDS WITH COLT STEEL.
MY HANDS ARE FULL, AMIGO! HOW ABOUT YOURS?
WH...??!


A TREACHEROUS MOVEMENT TO ONE SIDE OF THE SALOON BRINGS THE GREAT .45'S ROARING INTO ACTION...
ONE MORE FALSE MOVE OUT OF THIS YELLOW WOLF PACK AN' YOU'LL ALL BE SPORTIN' FORTY-FIVE CALIBER HOLES!

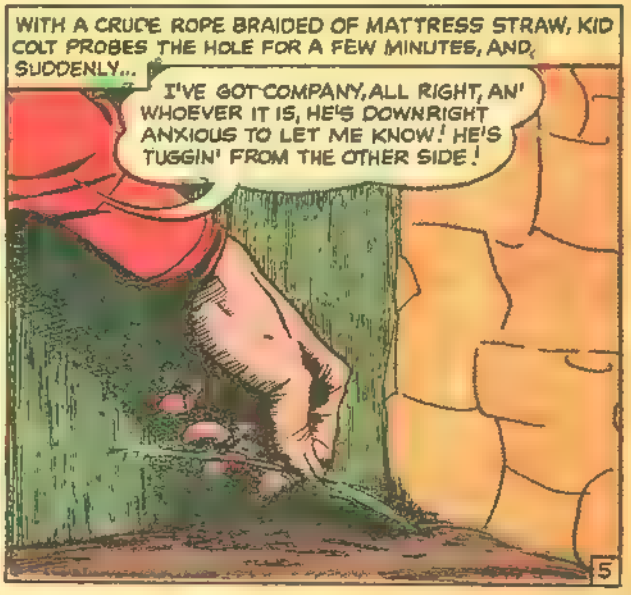
I'D SURE LIKE TO MEET THE HOMBRE WHO SPORTS A SHERIFF'S BADGE AN' LETS A BUNCH OF COYOTES LIKE YOU HANG AROUND TOWN!
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MISTER! SO DROP THAT HARDWARE AN' TURN SLOW OR I'LL BUST YORE SPINE WITH A SLUG!

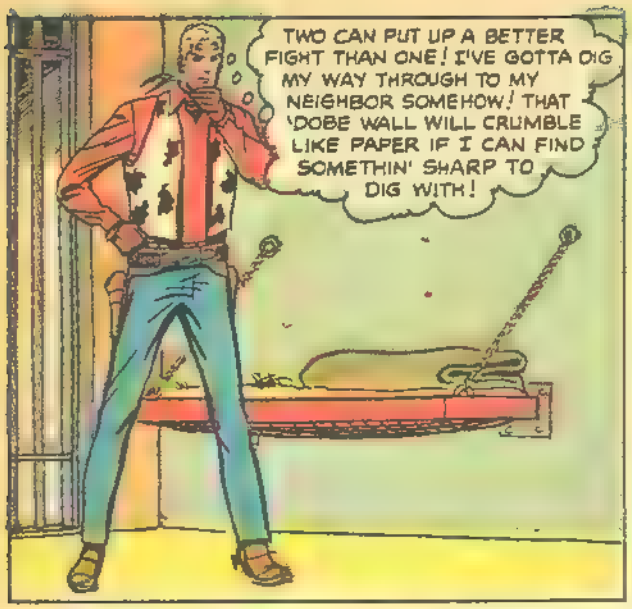

KEEP 'EM HIGH, AN' NO TRICKS! SOMEBODY GRAB TH S LOUD-MOUTHED GALOOT'S GUNS!
IT'S MATT STEVENS, ALL RIGHT, BUT HE SURE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME! THERE'S SOMETHIN' DOWNRIGHT STRANGE ABOUT HIM!


OKAY, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT HIM! YOU BETTER HUSTLE ON OVER TO THE PEN AN' GET A CELL READY FER HIM!
HE WON'T STAY THERE MORE'N OVERNIGHT, 'CAUSE HE'LL BE SWINGIN' BY MORNIN'!

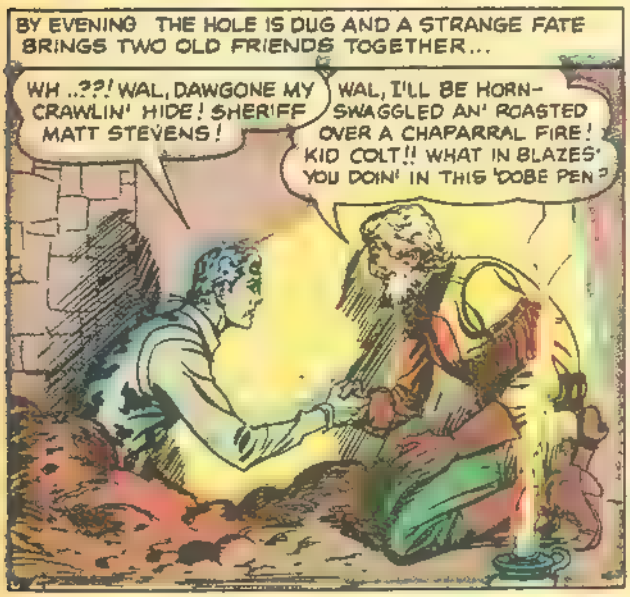
THE DOOR CLANGS SHUT AND THE TRAPPED OUTLAW SOURLY SURVEYS HIS NEW SURROUND-INGS...

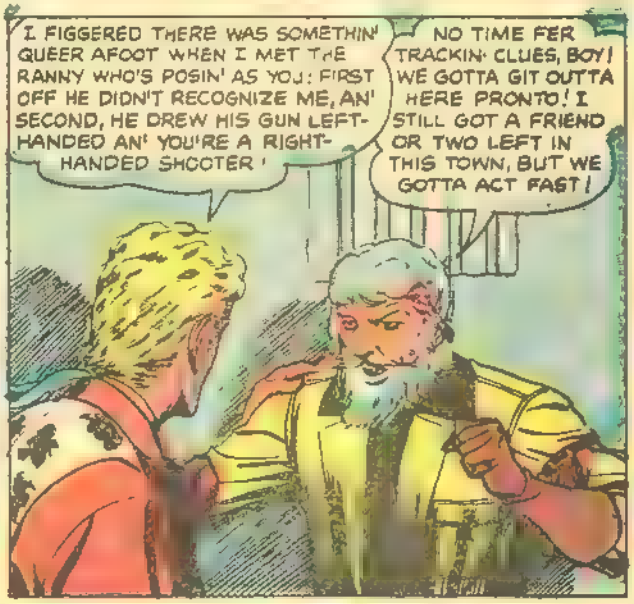
H-M-M-M! MIGHTY THIN WALLS IN THIS PEN! THIS HOLE GOES CLEAR THROUGH INTO THE NEXT CELL! I WONDER IF I GOT COMPANY ON THE OTHER SIDE!


WITH A CRUDE ROPE BRAIDED OF MATTRESS STRAW, KID COLT PROBES THE HOLE FOR A FEW MINUTES, AND, SUDDENLY...
I'VE GOT COMPANY, ALL RIGHT, AN' WHOEVER IT IS, HE'S DOWNRIGHT ANXIOUS TO LET ME KNOW! HE'S TUGGIN' FROM THE OTHER SIDE!


TWO CAN PUT UP A BETTER FIGHT THAN ONE! I'VE GOTTA DIG MY WAY THROUGH TO MY NEIGHBOR SOMEHOW! THAT 'DOBE WALL WILL CRUMBLE LIKE PAPER IF I CAN FIND SOMETHIN' SHARP TO DIG WITH!

NGENUITY FINDS ASSISTANCE IN A SHARP SPUR
PSSST! START DIGGIN' FROM YORE END, PARDNER! WE'LL JOIN BRANDS IN A FEW MINUTES!


BY EVENING THE HOLE IS DUG AND A STRANGE FATE BRINGS TWO OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER...
WH..??! WAL, DAWGONE MY CRAWLIN' HIDE! SHERIFF MATT STEVENS!
WAL, I'LL BE HORN-SWAGGLED AN' ROASTED OVER A CHAPARRAL FIRE! KID COLT!! WHAT IN BLAZES' YOU DOIN' IN THIS 'DOBE PEN?


I FIGGERED THERE WAS SOMETHIN' QUEER AFOOT WHEN I MET THE RANNY WHO'S POSIN' AS YOU: FIRST OFF HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME, AN' SECOND, HE DREW HIS GUN LEFT-HANDED AN' YOU'RE A RIGHT-HANDED SHOOTER!
NO TIME FER TRACKIN' CLUES, BOY! WE GOTTA GIT OUTTA HERE PRONTO! I STILL GOT A FRIEND OR TWO LEFT IN THIS TOWN, BUT WE GOTTA ACT FAST!

CAL HOLLIDAY'S YOUNG SON'S BEEN BRINGIN' ME EXTRA RATIONS EACH NIGHT, BUT WITH YOU HERE MEBBE HE CAN FETCH US THE STUFF TO BUST OUT OF HERE!
JUST MAKE MINE DOUBLE IN FORTY-FIVE CALIBER! THAT'S ALL THE RATION I CAN HANDLE!

AND AN HOUR LATER..
HERE THEY ARE, MATT, OILED AN' LOADED! THEY'RE DAD'S, SO MAKE 'EM TALK LOUD AN' HARD!
THEY'LL PALAVER OKAY, TIMMY! MEBBE THIS TOWN'LL BE A DECENT PLACE TO LIVE IN BY MORNIN'!

AND AS DAWN RISES OVER THE SILENT VILLAGE...
HEY, WAKE UP, STEVENS! THAT LOUD-MOUTHED SADDLE BUM WE JUGGED YESTERDAY IS GONE! WHATTA YA KNOW 'BOUT IT?
NOTHIN' MUCH...
..'CEPTIN' THAT HE'S RIGHT HERE!
KEEP THAT GUN-THUNDER ROLLIN', MATT!
DON'T QUIT NOW, KID! WE GOT A NEST OF RATTLERS TO CLEAN UP!
THEY'LL BE STIRRIN' OUTSIDE THIS PEN LIKE A RILED-UP PACK OF WASPS!
SECONDS LATER, TWO TRIGGER-TRAINED GUN ARTISTS FORM THE CORE OF A VIOLENT CONE OF BLINDING GUN-THUNDER AS THEY BURST OUT OF PRISON...
IT'S THAT GUN-YANKER WE JUGGED YESTERDAY!
KID COLT'S THE HANDLE, MISTER! I AIM TO POUR ENOUGH LEAD INTO YOU TO MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A SIEVE!
COUNTY JAIL
FOR THIRTY-FIVE SECONDS THE BATTLE RUNS ITS COURSE AS THE OUTLAW'S GUNS ROCK AND JERK IN HARMONY WITH HIS PARDNER'S BLAZING 45'S . .
GUNSMOKE CURLS LAZILY UPWARD AS THE BATTLE ENDS...
IT'S ALL OVER, KID! NOW MEBBE WE'LL HAVE SOME PEACE IN SIX-MILE CREEK! THANKS FER YOUR HELP, KID... AN' AS LONG AS I'M SHERIFF HERE I'LL NEVER ALLOW ONE OF YOUR REWARD POSTERS TO BE TACKED IN THIS TOWN!
THAT'S MIGHTY FINE OF YOU, SHERIFF! IT'S POWERFUL COMFORTIN' TO KNOW THAT THERE'S ONE PLACE IN THE WEST THAT I WON'T BE LOOKED DOWN ON AS AN OUTLAW!
THE END

Glamour set

5 piece ensemble

5 Gifts IN 1

1. PAJAMA JACKET
2. PAJAMA TROUSERS
3. ROBE
4. SCUFFS
5. CARRYALL CASE

you get all 5 pieces for only $9.98

SMART!...FOR TRAVELING, SLEEPING, LOUNGING.. FOR YOURSELF ..FOR EVERYONE ON YOUR XMAS LIST!

LOOK TWICE! (Everyone does!) This glamorous 5-piece set looks easily twice its price.

LOOK AGAIN! (Everyone will!) Yes, it isn't cotton, but all pure LUXURIOUS RAYON CREPE! Matched and mated with coin-dots everywhere. Color-fast, washable, wonderful!

LOOK, SEE! Entire ensemble packs away in the quilted, plastic-lined 4-compartment carryall case. Terrific for traveling. Handy as a lingerie case. Matching plastic-lined quilted scuffs complete the head-to-toe flattery!

A GIFT IN ITSELF! LUXURIOUS 4-COMPARTMENT CARRYALL CASE with cunning scuffs, both quilted and plastic lined

TAILORED OF LUXURIOUS RAYON CREPE

Colors: Red or Navy with white dots.

Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 $9.98

Sizes 42, 44, 46 $11.98

ORDER TODAY AT OUR RISK!

SEND NO MONEY!

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10 W. 18 St., New York, N. Y.
Dept. 348

Please send me 5-PIECE GLAMOUR SET at $9.98. (Sizes 32 to 40) or $11.98 (Sizes 42 to 46).

Your Size _____ Color Choice _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage ☐ I enclose $_____ You pay postage.

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Eldorado

NOW 9.99

DE-LUXE MEN'S WATCH

"ELDORADO" — the watch for active men — last word in smart styling! Sparkling Pseudo Diamonds and Rubies set around dial. Solid Gold Color Effect, chromed back. Unbreakable crystal. Large sweep-second hand. Rugged case resists shocks. Imported Swiss movement — really accurate. Unlimited Guarantee. Exclusive of Parts! Formerly $24.95. Special SALE price now, only..... 9.99

DATE WATCH

DATE SHOWS IN WINDOW

What a timepiece! Tells DATE and accurate TIME. Date changes every midnite in tiny WINDOW. Sweep second hand. Satiny silver-color case. Unbreakable crystal. Unlimited Guarantee exclusive of parts. Mighty good looks. This is a terrific value! RUSH! Only..... 7.98

BIG SIZE! PUSH BUTTON SWITCH-KNIFE 1.65

PRESS BUTTON TO OPEN

SURPRISE your friends with this amazing PUSH-BUTTON knife! Every man should carry one! — inch blade of sharp steel! Just push button! Blade flies open lightning-fast! Notice bolsters for sure hand grip and safety lock. Some knife! Some buy! Only..... 1.65

AMAZING WEATHER "ROSE"

Place near window — see color changes like magic! RED allegedly indicates rain, storms; BLUE — fair and sunny; PURPLE — changes coming! Amazes everyone! Beautiful, decorative. Flower pot given. Set

2 IN 1 CASE & CIGARET LIGHTER

Slip your whole pack into this sleek, handsome, combination case and built-in, Sure-Fire Lighter. No more fumbling around for cigarettes or matches! Bargain price 1.94

Men's INITIAL Ring 2.97

Your own INITIAL in raised Gold Color Effect set in a RUBY color stone, flanked by 2 Sparkling Pseudo DIAMONDS imported from Europe. 14 Karat Rolled Gold Plate! Fashionable! Smart! Wear with pride —enjoy a lifetime. Mention letter desired. Only 2.97

SOLID SILVER BIG! HEAVY

SIMULATED Ruby ARMY Ring

It's terrific! Extra heavy SOLID STERLING SILVER. Deep embossed. Real ARMY style ring for red-blooded Americans. Big simulated RUBY in centre, cut inside. Sparkles with rays of red, fiery light. Super-special de-luxe quality. Win popularity! Wear with pride! Life-time value! Only..... 3.95

SEND NO MONEY!

The Champion Super Special Quality — a sure winner! Amazing! Real massive, manly! Solid Gold Color effect. Big pseudo Diamond in centre flanked by 2 others 4.95

Loyale Wedding Set 10 glistening brilliants to resemble diamonds featured in Loyale Wedding Ring set. Gorgeous gold color ... fashionable! Compare! Both rings 2.94

Commando "5" 5 big, impressive Pseudo Diamonds of fiery brilliancy. Extra-heavy weight, natural Gold color, with $750.00 appearance. Manly! Commands respect! 3.55

Eternal Love ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING SET

Something special and very pretty! Imagine — 12 Sparkling Pseudo DIAMONDS, imported from Europe, set in a gorgeous engagement and wedding set! NATURAL GOLD color, exquisitely designed. Your price for both 4.89 yet they look like $750.00 and more! They sparkle a 1000 rays of light. Enjoy a LIFETIME! Try at our risk! Price back quick if not thrilled! RUSH! Don't lose this golden opportunity!

Ladies' SPORTEX Watch 6.98

Sturdy, accurate watch for active women, girls, typists, etc. Luminous numbers and unbreakable crystal. Dainty and rich looking. Reduced to 6.98

MONEY BACK Guarantee!

YOU RISK NOTHING!

Take 10 whole days to see, try, enjoy any article! Full price back unless pleased! Stocks limited! Send COUPON today! Pay price plus few cents postage and tax on delivery. Then try 10 days at OUR risk. You can't lose a cent!

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Tear out and mail this COUPON

CONSUMERS MART, 99A-300

131 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Write in articles desired in lines below. Send no money. Pay price shown plus few cents postage and tax on delivery. Try 10 days. *Full price back if not pleased.*

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

SEND STRIP OF PAPER TO SHOW RING SIZE.

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT Where It Shows Most REDUCE MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

PLUG IN GRASP HANDLE AND APPLY

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. E 648
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

GIVEN - GIVEN
PREMIUMS or CASH

BOYS GIRLS

OUR 56th YEAR

OUR 56th YEAR

BE FIRST

ACT NOW

We are Reliable

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Footballs, Ukuleles, Watches (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. Be first. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. A-148, TYRONE, PA.

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Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height (sent postage paid). Latest models Girls-Boys Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. 56th year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-148, Tyrone, Pa.

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GIVEN - PREMIUMS or Cash Commission - GIVEN

BE FIRST

SEND NO MONEY NOW

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES - MEN

WE TRUST YOU

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, 1000 Shot Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Telescopes, Radios, Movie Machines, Record Players (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. Act now. Be first. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. C-148, Tyrone, Pa.

Act Now

Boys-Girls-Ladies-Men

GIVEN
PREMIUMS - CASH

WE TRUST YOU BE FIRST

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Act Now

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GIRLS! BOYS! Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Watches (sent postage paid). Other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. E-148, Tyrone, Pa.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. MC-148, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....

ST..... R.D. ZONE ..... BOX.....

TOWN..... NO..... STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW